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leader of Cuba's revolution

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YELLOW PAGES

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Dear Reader:

St. George (right) works with rebel Castro in hideout.

ANDREW ST. GEORGE—whom CORONET sent into the rugged mountains of southeastern Cuba to spirit out the first story ever signed by the colorful rebel leader Fidel Castro (p. 74)—is a man who dotes on intrigue. The 33-year-old writer was initiated into the cloak-and-dagger fraternity after he left law school in his native Budapest to join the Hungarian resistance movement fighting Nazi occupation troops. Captured by the Germans, he escaped execution when Russian shellfire destroyed the jail. Next, working with U.S. Army intelligence forces, he became a war crimes investigator and a specialist in shuttling people back and forth between the American and Russian sectors of Vienna. After the war, he came to New York to study literature at Columbia University and began writing magazine articles about his adventures. St. George got the Castro story only after three months of skillful maneuvering to outwit the watchful Cuban government forces. His exploits included entering Havana with his mustache shaved and his hair dyed; a 100-mile auto trip through eight army check points; a wild no-lights night dash by jeep across bumpy, treacherous cane fields; a 14-hour hike up jagged mountains; three weeks of sleeping in a hammock and eating cold pork and malanga roots; and, finally, a strafing by government planes. All this while, CORONET received only fragmentary reports about St. George's whereabouts—a situation that disturbed us considerably; but, surprisingly enough, caused no alarm to St. George's wife, Jean. A former magazine researcher, she says she "understands" her husband's mysterious disappearances, and concentrates on caring for three-year-old Andrew Jr. Among his other accomplishments, Andrew Sr. can communicate in five languages—German, French, English, Hungarian and Spanish—is a good skier and a photographer of professional caliber. In what spare time he has at his Mt. Vernon, New York, home, he reads volumes of—you guessed it—spy stories.

The Editors

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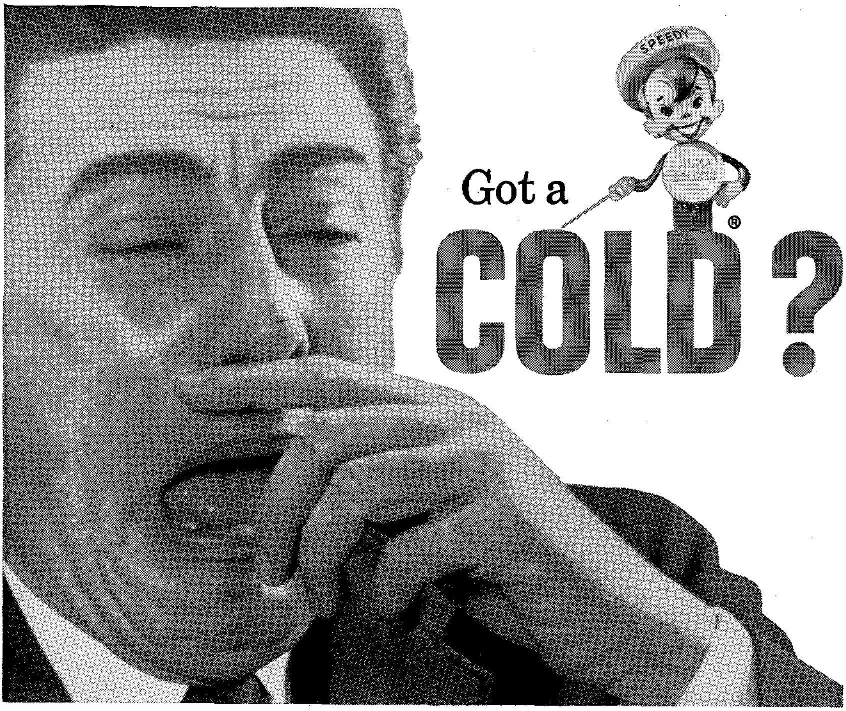

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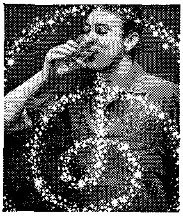

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Contents for February, 1958 Vol. 43, No. 4, Whole No. 256

Articles

The Lady Who Jilted Lincoln.... JOHN MASON POTTER 27
Bronx Boy With Box Office........ MARTIN ABRAMSON 31
Sicily, Violent Land of Love......... FRANKLIN E. BRILL 37
How to Broaden Your Pet's Mind........ DAN PAONESSA 56
The Doctor's "Circus Stunt"...................... RUDOLF FRIEDRICH AND HENRY MARX 58
"Wild Bill" of the Plains.................. IRWIN ROSS 62
Lose 5 Lbs. in a Week with the "Eat Everything—But" Diet.............................. DARLENE GEIS 67
Michigan's Merchant of Magic............ HAL BUTLER 70
Beware the Tax Refund Racket .... JOEL BERG 88
Patsy's Painless Growing Pains........ PARKE CUMMINGS 100
Wizard of Coral Castle.............. WILLIAM KOFOED 102
Hubert the Hypoed Hippo............. REED MILLARD 107
Ballet of Death in Bali................ JOHN CARLOVA 108
How to Pick a Mate........... JOHN KORD LAGEMANN 114
What is a Child?........... HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D. 120
That Old-Time Religion Comes Back... RICHARD CARTER 125
The Ugly Little Filly.................. PAUL HARVEY 131
Our Relentless Fight Against Rust NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE 144
Operation Grandpa...................... K. N. HARDIN 150
They Called it Justice................ WILL BERNARD 170

Pictorial Features

The Return of an Actress.............. GEROLD FRANK 44
The Challenge.................................... 91
All-Night Prom...................... LESLIE H. HORN, PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE 132

Service Features

Products on Parade................................ 20
Coronet Family Shopper............................ 157
Coronet Shopping Guide............................ 164
Coronet School and College Directory.............. 168
Coronet Resort and Travel Guide................... 169

Departments

Dear Reader....................................... 5
Bobby Sox to Hard Knocks................... MOVIES 12
All About You..................................... 16
Human Comedy.............................. HUMOR 42
Names That Live............. A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 87
Grin and Share It.......................... HUMOR 119
Apt Answers................................ HUMOR 156

Exclusive Coronet Report!

A Visit with a Revolutionary....... ANDREW ST. GEORGE 74
"Why We Fight"..................... FIDEL CASTRO 80

Cover

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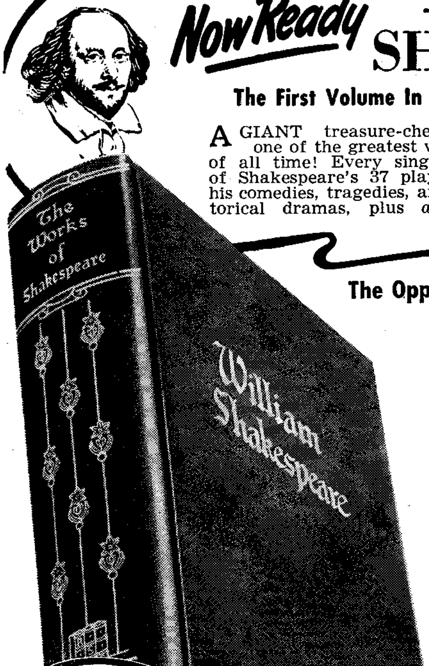
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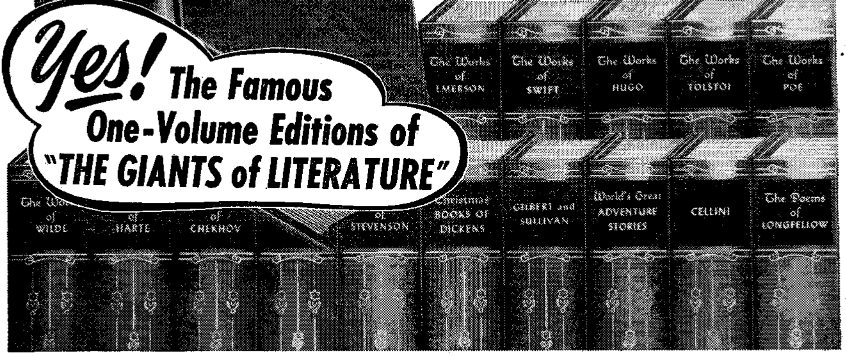
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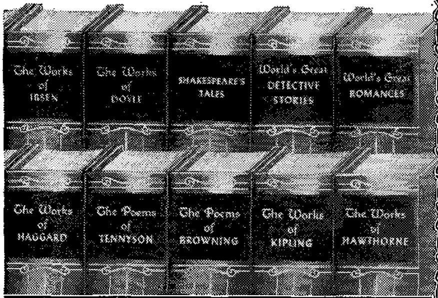

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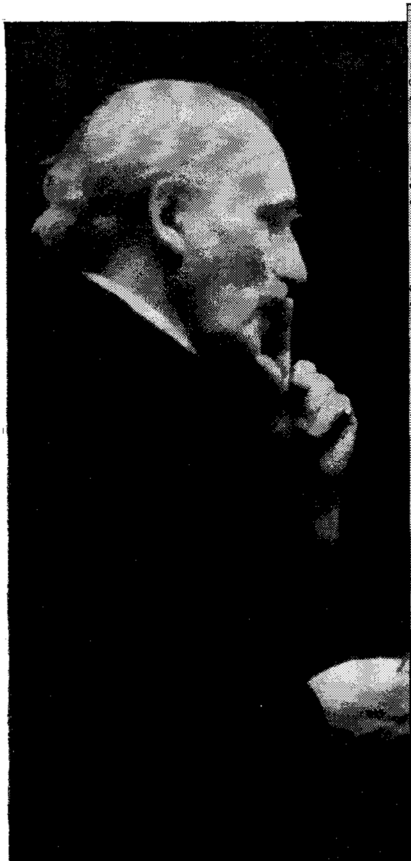

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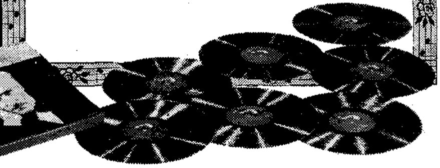

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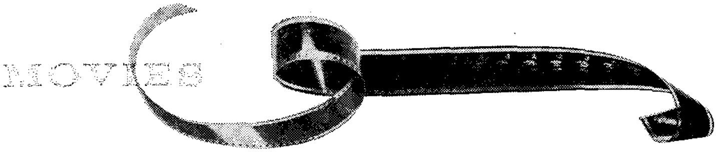

Bobby sox to hard knocks

MANY TEENAGE GIRLS, dreaming of overnight success in the movies, envision themselves in a shimmering aura of celebrities and adulation. The reality is often quite different, as young Jean Seberg (*right*) discovered in one year.

Chosen from 18,000 girls in a "talent hunt" to play *Saint Joan*, Jean was catapulted at 18 from Marshalltown (pop., 19,000), Iowa, into an alien world of sophisticated adults and pretentious poseurs who often overwhelmed, ignored or bewildered her. With no friends of her own age bracket around, she was frequently lonely.

In her new milieu, Jean had to learn how to cope with all this, as well as with hordes of interviewers, a tough director, strangers who made demands on her time, and a completely new way of life. As for alleged movie glamor, "I've seen some," says Jean with a smile, "but none has rubbed off on me yet."

Movie-making severely taxes the energy of this 5′3½″, 105-pound blonde. But Jean declares emphatically: "Actors aren't the supersensitive, hot-house plants people think. We can take quite a lot." Her toughest ordeal—reading the harsh reviews of *Saint Joan*—caught her alone in Nice. "It was an internationally acclaimed flop," she says wryly.

Luckily, producer-director Otto Preminger, who is the godfather of this Iowa teenager of Swedish-American descent, believes she "has a quality." He cast her as Françoise Sagan's heroine in *Bonjour Tristesse;* and Jean turns in an excellent performance in the film, which co-stars David Niven, Deborah Kerr and young Geoffrey Horne (*see next page*).

After making two pictures in Europe, Jean returned to Marshalltown, where her father runs a drugstore. "I haven't changed as much as people's attitudes toward me have," she reflects sadly. Now studying drama in New York, Jean is counting on *Bonjour's* success—"otherwise I might wind up as one of the youngest has-beens in movie history."

(Continued on page 14)

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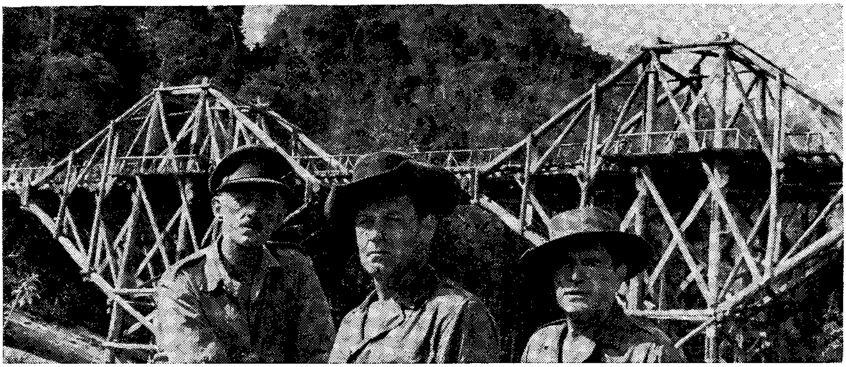


The Bridge on the River Kwai is vital to five men. The life of a Japanese commander (Sessue Hayakawa) depends on it. To the captured British colonel (Alec Guinness, *above left*) who builds it for him, it is a symbol of British superiority in World War II. For three commandos (Jack Hawkins, *right;* William Holden, *center;* and Geoffrey Horne) the bridge is a demolition target.

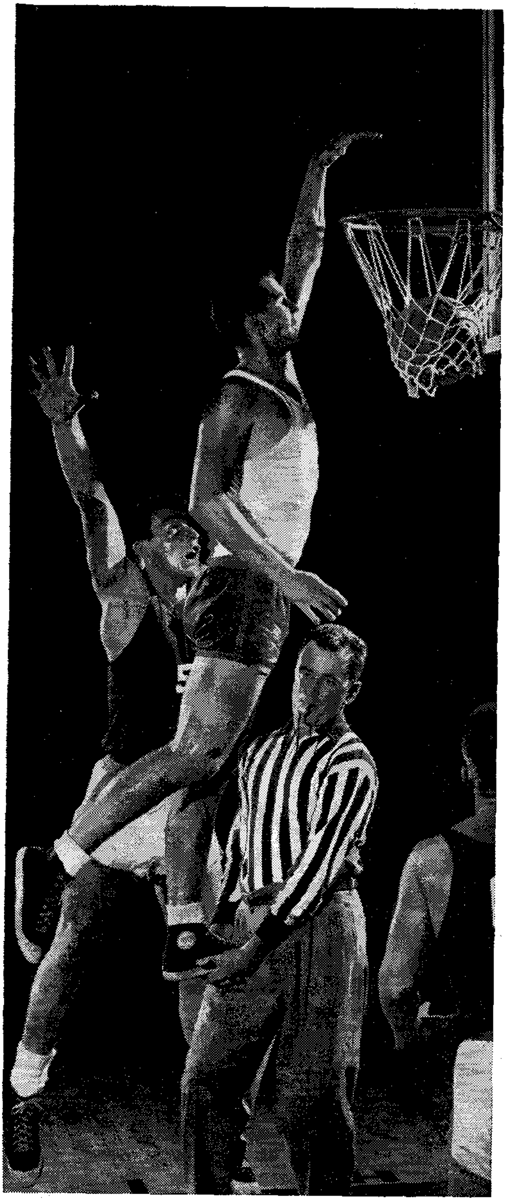
This fine film subtly points up the the futility of war while telling an exciting adventure tale. Few films this year can equal its tense drama or superb acting. Its other assets include the pastel photography of the exotic Ceylon scenery and David Lean's restrained direction.

This Bitter Earth also takes moviegoers to a far-off place—Thailand. Its stark topography is the setting for a complex, realistic drama of one family's fight against nature for survival.

Dino De Laurentiis, producer of *War and Peace,* has given the same attention to compelling detail on this Irwin Shaw screenplay.

Beautifully photographed in color, *This Bitter Earth* has a large cast that includes Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano, Jo Van Fleet (*below*), Richard Conte, Alida Valli and Nehemiah Persoff.

Director René Clement blends these assorted acting styles skillfully into a story that is both earthy and exotic.—MARK NICHOLS



Would you call this fair play?

Referee gives "Visitors" a boost—"Home" team has to score on its own. What kind of a game would *that* be?

Ridiculous—yet you and most people face that same kind of unfairness all the time with some of your taxes. These are the taxes you pay in your electric bills.

About 23 cents out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But a strange twist in federal law exempts several million families and businesses from paying all the taxes in their electric bills that you pay in yours. These are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems. You have to help make up the taxes these people don't pay.

Most Americans feel that everyone should pay his fair share of taxes. Don't *you* agree that this special tax favoritism should be made more widely known and given critical study?

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**Company names on request through this magazine*

ALL ABOUT YOU

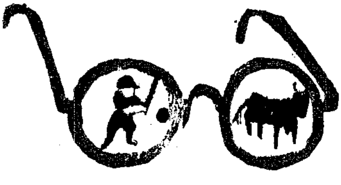
How your background affects your sight; the silent—but helpful—male; new tip for non-sleepers

EVERYONE HIS OWN SANDMAN

Can't sleep? Here's an ingenious way to play sandman to yourself: instead of twisting and turning, try lying perfectly still with one hand relaxed, resting on your leg, or stomach, or even face. This bodily contact, suggests industrial psychologist Donald A. Laird, may provide just enough sense of security to defeat whatever anxiety is keeping you awake. He points out that it's for the same reason—security of bodily contact—that children often fall asleep more easily hugging a favorite toy.

ATTENTION, MEN!

If you think that getting your own breakfast and washing dishes occasionally makes you a Sir Galahad—think again. A survey in Detroit, under the auspices of University of Michigan researchers, found that nearly four out of every ten Detroit fathers did exactly that. But only about one in seven admitted he helped clean the house, as well. As a matter of fact, the researchers discovered Dads didn't admit too much of anything.



EYE, EYE SIR

You see what you've been conditioned to see.

How else explain the results of an interesting experiment by psychologist Hadley Cantril, of the Institute for International Social Research. He placed two different pictures in a stereoscope, so that the left eye saw a bullfighter, the right, a baseball player. Then he allowed a group of Mexicans and a group of Americans to take turns peering through the instrument. You guessed it. The Mexicans saw the bullfighter. The Americans saw the baseball player.

In more technical language: what you see in a situation depends not only on the situation itself, but on your assumptions and biases.

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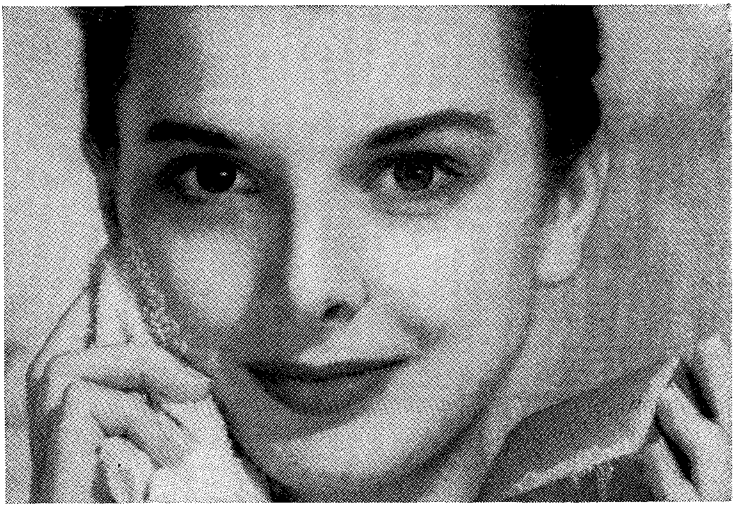

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When have you ever known blackheads and pimples to yield so fast and skin made ever so much lovelier—softer, smoother, fresher, more radiant!

For fast results get the full treatment: 1. Get mild, superemollient Cuticura Soap for daily, beautifying lather-massage. 2. Healing, softening Cuticura Ointment that improves your skin as it helps relieve. 3. Greaseless, fast-acting, invisible Cuticura Medicated Liquid to cleanse antiseptically, remove excess oiliness, check blemish-spreading bacteria, speed healing, cool and refresh your skin. At leading drug counters.

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Good Housekeeping
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Lovelier skin guaranteed or money back

ALL ABOUT YOU

If your teenager is fickle or stubborn . . .

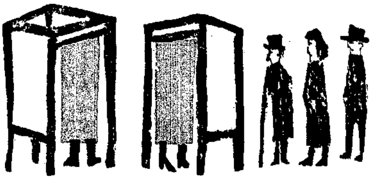
ATTENTION, LADIES!

The high heel, maligned these many years, has an eloquent defender in Dr. James Owen McDonagh. Writing in the *British Medical Journal,* he asserts that when you wear high heels the weight is thrown on the heels, *not* the toes, as so often charged. Even more happily, he declares that the added weight on the heels eliminates slouching, produces more healthy breathing, adds inches to your bust, and since they give the impression of greater (and slimmer) leg length, results in male admiration, which in turn gives you a distinct psychological boost.

On the other hand, Dr. Reginald Payne, writing in the Chicago *Tribune,* insists that high heels produce bow-legs and knock-knees, and that if men tried to put animals in such contraptions every anti-cruelty league would have a fit. Take your choice.

LET THEM BE!

If your teenage daughter is fickle, seems uncertain of what she wants —don't mind it. If your teenage son seems stubborn, let that pass, too. Both traits are what they should be. That's the conclusion to be drawn from a report by Elizabeth M. Douvan, researcher at the University of Michigan. As she explains it: the teenage girl's flexibility means she'll be more likely to adapt herself to the needs of the man she marries. Girls who develop rigidity of character risk *narrowing their potential marriage* choices—and then may find it difficult to adjust to their husbands. Boys, on the other hand, should develop definite personality traits. This is what life requires of them in later years, when self-confidence and independent judgment will enable them to cope with challenges of career and family.



POPULAR FALLACY

If you've always believed the most popular candidate triumphs in elections, consider this: Two Wayne State University researchers have found a definite relationship between the positions of a candidate's name on the ballot, and the proportion of ballots cast for him. The top name on the list was nearly always the preferred one! And this held true both if the voter marked his ballots or used a voting machine. What to do? They suggested rotating positions on the ballot.

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Find out—free—if you have the natural talent for a career in commercial art or illustrating. Take this simple Talent Test at home. Test was developed by professional artists to uncover new talent. Mail coupon today for your free copy.

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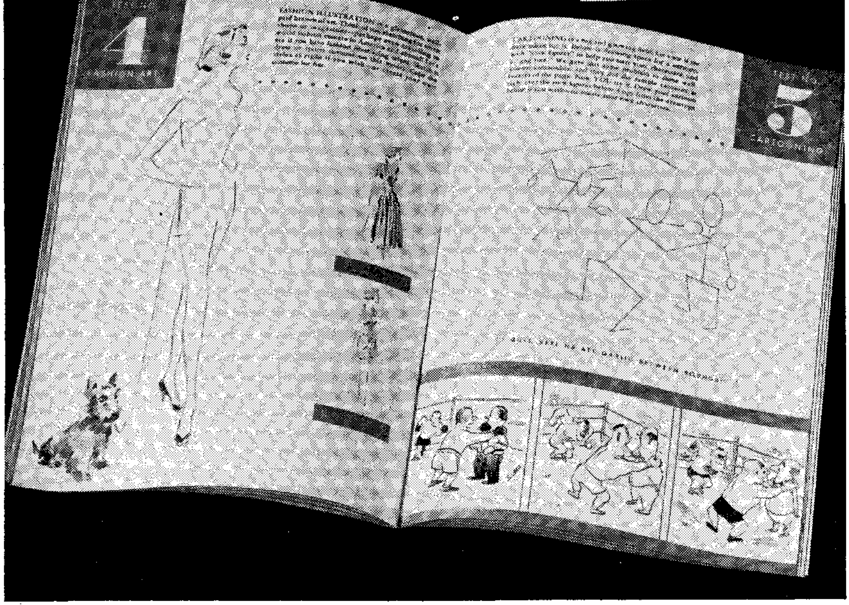

Fashion art is one of the separate tests you can choose from. Just draw a dress on figure sketched for you. Or take the *Cartooning* test and draw your own cartoon on these stick figures.

Openings in commercial art have increased about 50% in the last five years, according to a large employment agency. Earnings are up. Find out now—free—if you have talent worth training. Send for Talent Test today.

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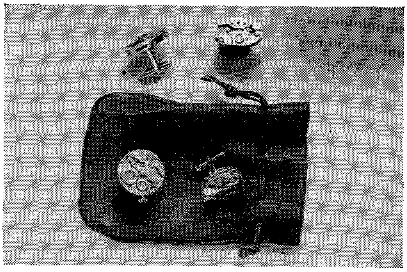
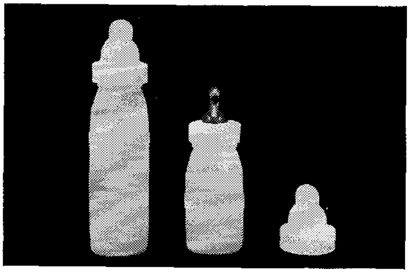
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

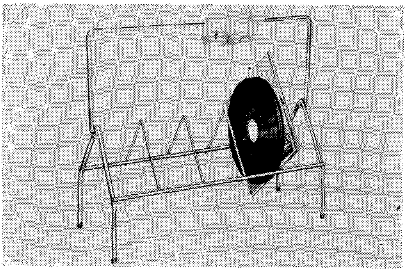
edited by Florence Semon



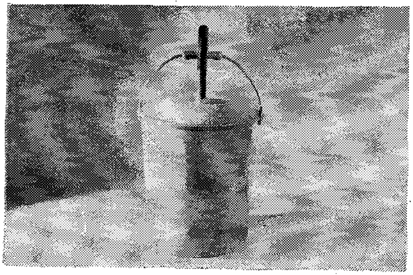
Authentic watch works cuff links make timely Valentine's Day gift for him. Made from odd movements, some antiques, some with jewels in movement. Round or oval shape in gold or silver finish. In leather pouch. $5.50 pr. pp. Nan Lesser, Dept. C2, 320 5th Ave., N. Y. 1, N. Y.



Feed-Rite nursing bottle is boon to mothers. Of new heat-resistant plastic; can withstand hospital sterilization temperatures. Lightweight, it makes feeding baby less of a chore. 6, 8-oz. bottles, $2.99; 6, 4-oz. bottles, $2.59, pp. Gladdings, Inc., COR, Providence #1, R. I.



Carry your tunes from room to room. Portable caddy holds over 150 single, 45 rpm records. Brass-plated; measures 15″ long, 6″ wide, 13″ high. Steel-rod construction. Handle folds down when not in use. $4.95 pp. Leslie Creations, Dept. 193, Lafayette Hill, Penna.



Scanty Wash is just the thing for washing delicate clothing. Embodies same principle as big washing machine. Up and down motion of hand-operated agitator creates suds. Of unbreakable plastic in turquoise or pink. $4.95 pp. Daly Sales, Dept. C, 3365 Ozark, Houston 21, Tex.

Now this is Hot Buttered Rum!

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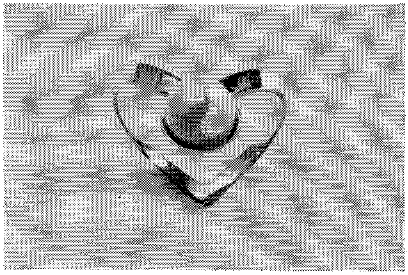
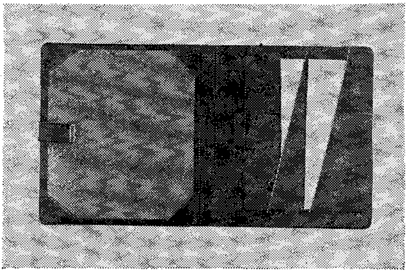
Magna Tech Titler makes home movie titling easy. Simply press letters to velour-backed easel and they stick like magic. Set includes 2-sided 12″ x 18″ easel, 380 letters, wooden supports, table-top screen. $7.50 pp. Columbia Distributors, CMT, Box 84, Brooklyn 14, N. Y.

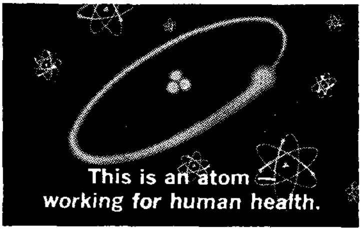
Rolfs Smoke Tote holds any size package cigarettes and has matching lighter attached by silver chain. Of crushed cowhide in blue, flaxen, red, blonde, black or white. Use also to carry make-up. $4.10 pp. National Trunk Stores, RST, 218 Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.



Heart-shaped ring with large genuine cultured pearl is a wonderful way to express your Valentine sentiments. Mounting of 14 kt. yellow gold. So unique, bound to be a conversation piece. $12.95 pp. Berman's Diamond Loan Bank, C-E, Berman Bldg., Baltimore, Md.



Writing portfolio has lock and key for privacy. Of leather grain plastic; inside has blotter and pockets for paper, envelopes, etc. Tan, red or navy. Opens to 21″ wide x 11½″ high. Personalized with full name. $3.95 pp. A. & A. Novelties, COR, 365 E. 179th St., Bronx, 57, N.Y.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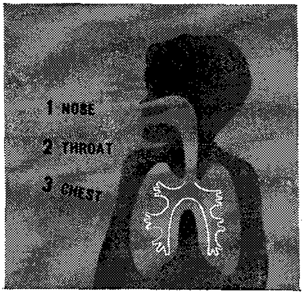
acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet

— *to relieve cold miseries*

When your child has a cold, rub VapoRub over the area of lungs and heart, throat, back and neck. Acts fast!



No other type of treatment relieves all 3 cold areas... nose, throat, chest...all at once; no internal dosing.

VapoRub's medicated vapors relieve throat, head, cough, bronchial congestion. Your child feels good again fast.

While aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach—Vicks VapoRub is already treating nose, throat, bronchial area—and keeps bringing relief for hours after tablets have stopped working.

Now—from the laboratories of atom medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you can get relief from miseries of colds.

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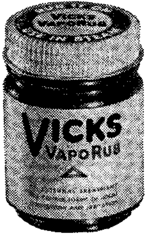
No other type of cold medication treats all 3 cold areas—nose, throat, chest—all at once—for hours—without internal dosing.

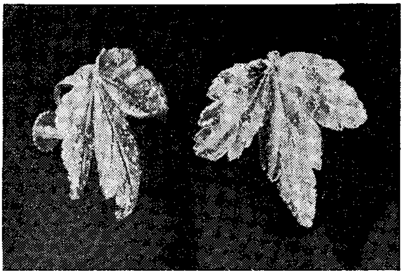
So it's no wonder that more mothers throughout the world depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other cold medication.

World's most widely used colds medication

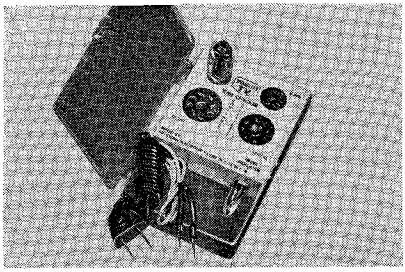


"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are registered trademarks of the Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

PRODUCTS ON PARADE



She'll be your valentine if you give her these genuine Alpine currant leaves covered with 18 kt. gold and hand-fashioned into screw-type earrings. Come direct from Swiss Alps. Also available in brooch, $2.95 pp. Mellinger Co., COR, 1717 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.



Tube tester checks the tubes in your radio or TV set. Also tests electrical devices such as fuses, appliances, etc. Operates on 110 volts AC or DC. Easy to use, no technical knowledge required. With instructions. $3.95 pp. Chabon Scientific, 60-B E. 42nd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

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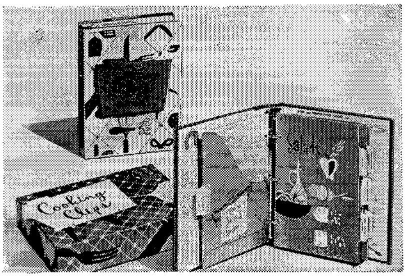
Deep Treasure

Give her the thrill of finding one or more genuine cultured pearls in the original mother oyster. Each oyster comes sealed in a can. Pearls can be mounted in a bracelet, ring, pin, etc. $2.95 pp. Roy Rogers Enterprises Inc., TR, 1210 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles 35, Calif.



Loose-leaf cook book has nine tabbed index pages with pockets to keep a recipe-clipper's collection. Also has 30 filler leaves for mounting clippings. Temperature charts inside washable red fabric cover. $2.75 pp. Clarion Products, Box 488, COR, Highland Park, Ill.

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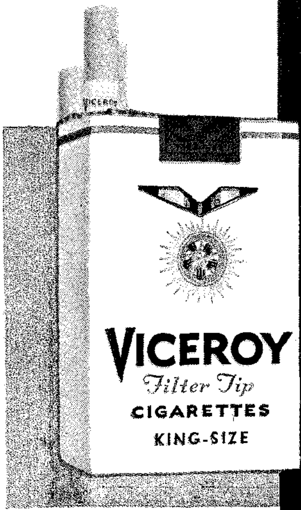
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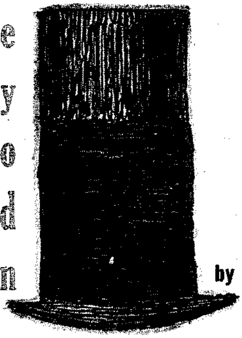
FEBRUARY 1958

The lady who jilted Lincoln



by John Mason Potter

THREE WOMEN could have married Abraham Lincoln. The first was Ann Rutledge, who died while they were betrothed. The third was Mary Todd, who became his wife and went with him to the White House.

The second woman in Lincoln's life was Mary Owens who, after a long, strange—and at times unwilling—courtship by the young backwoods lawyer, refused him.

For a year after the death of poor, lovely Ann Rutledge in 1835, Lincoln mourned her to the point where his friends feared for his sanity. He walked the woods and fields about New Salem, mumbling sad poetry and sobbing. Then slowly he cast off the black melancholy that had shrouded his soul and his friends sought to occupy his mind with new interests.

Among these faithful friends was Mrs. Bennet Able, who, it so happened, had a sister, Mary Owens, in Kentucky. Mary had visited New Salem once, and had cut quite a figure in the social life of the community.

Mary had worn fine clothes and worn them well, she had been gay and witty, but with enough common sense to endear herself to the hard-headed villagers. She had good features, large blue eyes and dark brown curls. Physically, she was well rounded, though perhaps a trifle too much so. Long after she had returned home to Kentucky, New Salem talked of her.

Mrs. Able met Lincoln one day while he was still brooding over the loss of Ann Rutledge. She told him that she was going to Kentucky to visit her sister, Mary Owens, and that if Lincoln would promise to marry her sister she would bring Mary back with her.

Lincoln recalled the young woman as she had been on that first visit—pretty, vivacious, accomplished and excitingly rounded—and rashly promised.

When Mrs. Able returned from her visit to Kentucky, bringing Mary Owens with her, Lincoln found himself in a quandary: He did not know how seriously Mrs. Able had taken his promise. If she were fooling, and *he* took the promise seriously, then he would appear a fool. On the other hand, if *she* had been serious, and he did not live up to his word, then he would appear even worse, a cad.

Things were further complicated when he saw Mary herself—and was painfully surprised to discover that the generous curves of the previous visit had increased alarmingly, so that, to use his own words, "She now appeared a fair match for Falstaff!"

Lincoln got cold feet.

But when he found out that Mrs. Able had taken his pledge on its face value, and that Mary had apparently returned to New Salem in the expectation of becoming a bride, Abraham Lincoln prepared to keep his word.

He dutifully courted Mary, escorting her on walks and on horseback rides, accompanying her to dances and doing all the things that might be expected of him. Actually, he took her about far more than he had Ann Rutledge.

But there was something lacking in this strange and dutiful courtship. He could not reconcile himself to marrying Mary and, instead of giving her all his attention, he was often absent-minded in her presence. He was so preoccupied with his problem, in fact, that he frequently remained silent for long stretches of time.

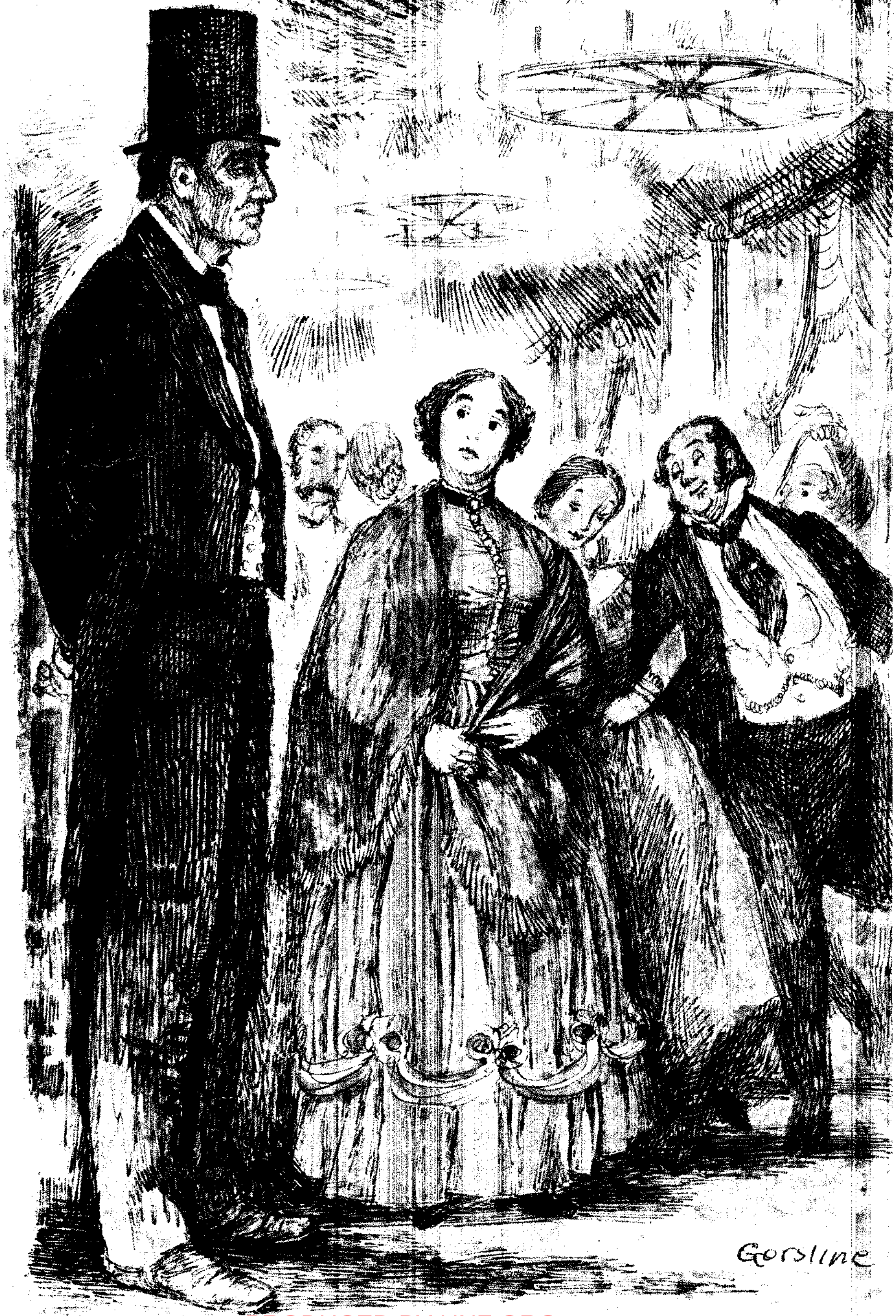
This seeming lack of consideration puzzled Mary. For Lincoln had a reputation for being thoughtful, considerate, and the soul of kindness. When the time came for her to return to Kentucky, Lincoln still had made no formal declaration of his intentions.

He continued the courtship by mail from the Illinois capital where he was then a Representative in the state legislature. But his letters were devoid of passion, or even sentiment. In one of them he wrote: "The State House is not yet finished and consequently the legislature is doing little or nothing. The governor delivered an inflammatory political message, and it is expected there will be some sparring between the parties about it as soon as the two houses get to business."

Hardly the sort of letter a young woman expects from her betrothed.

LINCOLN did not want to marry her, obviously. Neither did he wish to let her down if she expected him to. However, if she felt that she was expected to marry him, and if she did not want to, then he wanted her to call it quits. This would save face for her, and at the same time it would be the solution which he most desired.

When Mary visited New Salem again that summer, Lincoln resumed his squiring her about and his drag-


Gorsline

foot courtship. Mary had not shrunk any during the year, and he now began to feel that she was going to hold him to his promise because she could not obtain a husband by any other means. When she returned to Kentucky, he sat down to compose a letter that would remove himself from his status as a suitor and betrothed by making her end their engagement.

"You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference," he wrote, "and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. . . . I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. . . . And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say that you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts (if you ever had any) from me forever . . . without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. . . .

"Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance, I mean no such thing. . . . Our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. . . . If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if it will add to your happiness. . . . Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable—nothing more happy than to know you were so."

He sent the letter off, and waited for a reply. What it was, or if he ever received one for that matter, is not known. But in any case, Lincoln was eventually convinced that there was no escape and that she expected him to formally propose to her.

Mustering up his courage, he went to her and asked her to marry him.

To his astonishment, she said, "No."

A moment's reflection convinced him that Mary had refused him merely for appearance's sake—especially in view of the unusual beginning of their romance. Gallantly, he asked her again.

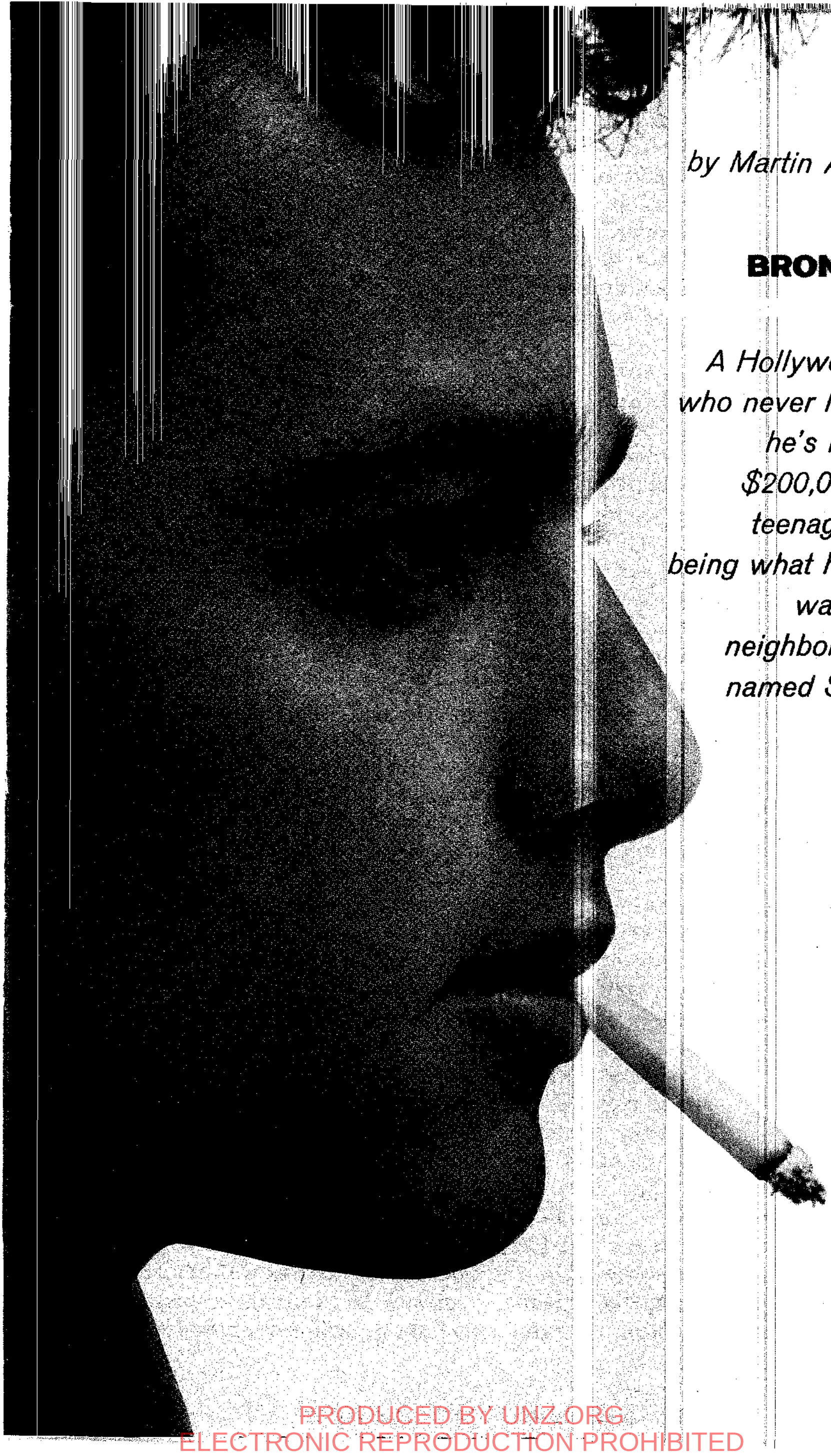
The answer again was, "No." She said it firmly, and she repeated it when he renewed his proposal, until there was no longer any question about what she meant. She did not wish to marry him.

Lincoln was relieved that now he had no obligation to marry a woman he did not wish to. He felt chagrined, nevertheless. For he had considered her a woman desperate to get married, a woman no one else was interested in—and yet she had turned him down. Did she prefer to remain an old maid rather than become his wife?

For a while, Lincoln felt depressed and humiliated. And he was mortified to think that he had been unable to discover her intentions in the matter. He swore he would have nothing more to do with women, and probably meant it at the time.

As for Mary Owens, she went back to her native Kentucky and eventually a young man came along with more fervor than Lincoln had shown, and she married him.

Years later she revealed why she had not accepted Lincoln's proposals: "He was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness." ♛♛♛



by Martin Abramson

BRONX BOY

A Hollywood actor who never left home, he's become a $200,000-a-year teenage idol by being what he always was—a nice neighborhood kid named Sal Mineo

The cab swung up before the Victoria Theater on Broadway, and a slim, dimpled, wistful-eyed young man stepped out into bedlam. Hysterical teenagers, banked ten deep for the premiere of the young man's picture, surged across police lines. Frenzied hands clutched his thick mane of jet-black hair and tore his sleeves from his jacket.

The police worked hard, but unsuccessfully, to extricate him. Finally a police captain suggested, "What do you say we lift you up on top of the theater marquee? That way, you can wave to the whole crowd, and yet you won't run the risk of being trampled to death."

"Gosh, no," the young man told him. "It's a good idea, but I just couldn't stand on top of a Broadway theater marquee. I'm not important enough for that."

This strangely unassuming young man, Salvatore Mineo by name, is Hollywood's hottest, but most improbable, new star. On the strength of just a few important pictures and TV appearances, young Sal has shot up from absolutely nowhere to become a $200,000-a-year star who draws a record-breaking 4,000 letters a week and gets more requests for autographed pictures than anyone you can name.

Yet he violates every rule for big-time Hollywood success. He is neither tall nor handsome; and is usually cast in the unappetizing role of a delinquent. He has no press agent, and never had the usual Hollywood publicity "build-up." He has no show-wise brain trust behind him. He clings to his real name—no "Rorys" or "Rocks" or "Tabs" for him. He has the same friends, the same habits, the same unaffected, warm personality he had before the golden heavens opened up for him.

He stays in Hollywood just long enough to finish a picture, then hurries back to his native Bronx, where his father is engaged in the most unglamorous of all professions—casket-making. What's more, at 19 Sal is strictly a "wrong-age" star—too old for kid parts and still not old enough to play romantic, adult roles. But this, actually, has contributed to his spectacular climb.

"These days, it's realism that pays off at the box-office, and movie executives have come to realize finally that the teen years *do* exist," says Philip A. Waxman, who produced Sal's recent picture, *The Young Don't Cry,* for Columbia. "They've discovered that the problems of kids in the in-between, 'awkward' years are a very real, very important and very dramatic slice of life."

"Teenagers sense their importance," Sal points out, "and now, when they want to idolize somebody they see on the screen, they pick someone who looks like them, acts like them and talks like them. It's my good luck that they've found they can identify themselves with me.

"Most of the kids in fan clubs can be compared to dyed-in-the-wool baseball fans and there's absolutely nothing abnormal about that," he insists. "These kids are enthusiastic about their heroes and, if they carry on in public, they're just letting that enthusiasm boil over, that's all."

About Hollywood, he says, "You live show business 24 hours a day

Always close to his family, Sal relaxes on the stoop of his Bronx home with his mother and father.

there and, as a result, you lose contact with the vital things, the real people in life. If I lived in Hollywood and my career went on the skids, it would be a disaster. In the Bronx, on the other hand, my neighbors would tell me, 'So your job didn't turn out? So get yourself another job!' "

There is in Sal Mineo a great need to remain close to his family hearth, for he appreciates that the qualities which have made for his tremendous success are deeply rooted in his early upbringing.

"Two things set Sal apart from routine performers," says Claudia Franck, the noted drama coach, who has coached Sal since he was 12. "One is a wonderfully magnetic quality—a glow, if you will—which shines through and captivates audiences, no matter what part he is playing. This is a quality born out of a close and secure and very devoted family life.

"The other is his ability to play dramatic roles with such rare excitement and intensity. This is strictly an acquired skill, for Sal had no inherited acting ability or emotional need for performing. Acting is simply a job to him; but it is also a challenge, and from earliest childhood he has been conditioned to take on challenges and, by relentless concentration and self-discipline, defeat them."

The all-important Mineo nurturing process took place, as noted, in New York City's northernmost borough, where Sal's mother, Mrs. Josephine Mineo, and his dad, Sal Sr., a native of Italy, settled following their marriage. After their four children—Victor, Michael, Sal and his younger sister, Sarina — were born, the elder Mineos bought an old, three-story house in the last wooded reaches of the Bronx.

Sal's room was an extra kitchen which his dad converted into a makeshift bedroom but which still has a sink in it. The back porch was turned into an office for Mrs. Mineo, who took care of the books and secretarial work for her husband's small casket business, even while engaged in the hectic process of raising four youngsters.

To encourage them to bring their pals home and keep off the streets, Mrs. Mineo baked huge daily quotas of pies to feed the visiting horde. The two older sons, Victor and Michael, were encouraged to include Sal in their sports and after-school activities. And keeping up with them became a challenge which the third son readily accepted.

The Mineo boys were brought up with the idea that you could be mature and responsible even at the tender age of twelve. They all had paper routes, and competed with one another to see who could sell the most papers. But they pitched in and took over each other's routes if one was sick.

"We'd sit around the kitchen table in the evening and discuss what we'd do with our money," Sal says, "and also bring up any problems we had, or confess what trouble we'd gotten into during the day. Nobody kept any secrets. We didn't have to; our parents understood us. They advised us, but they let us learn for ourselves, too."

SAL'S introduction into show business was a matter of sheer happenstance. He and Sarina were cutting the hedge outside the house one afternoon when a man who represented a dancing school passed by.

"Say, kid, you look pretty talented, why don't you take up dancing?" he told Sal. "I have connections with TV shows and the kids who go to our school all go on TV."

Dancing represented a new challenge to Sal. He asked Mama's permission to enroll and Mama called a kitchen-table family conference. The majority vote was "aye."

The dance school scout, it turned out, had no connections with TV. But Sal was quick to master the fine points of the dance, and his folks later allowed him to switch to another school, one that he eventually did represent on a local TV show. Agents saw Sal perform and got him other TV shows to do. Then he was given a walk-on part in the Broadway play, *The Rose Tattoo*.

After this show, he got the lead in *The Little Screwball* in Westport, Connecticut, where he was spotted by Rodgers and Hammerstein's secretary. The boy's inner glow somehow mesmerized the two masters, then preparing their classic, *The King and I*. They hired him as understudy to the 12-year-old boy who was to play the Crown Prince to Yul Brynner's King.

Watching Yul Brynner and Gertrude Lawrence during rehearsals convinced Sal that he wanted to be an actor rather than a dancer, and he began to prepare himself with fierce earnestness. "This was a brand new challenge," he says, "and I simply had to lick it."

All he had to do after taking two busses and a subway to the theater each evening was check in, see if the Crown Prince was all right, then go home. Instead, he stayed through every performance for an entire year. He never got on stage, but he studied and memorized and imitated every gesture and every sound made by each member of the cast.

"I never got tired of standing backstage, because I kept learning something new every night," he says.

He began studying with Miss Franck; and he also began to closely observe the "real people" around him in the Bronx, and to absorb their mannerisms as a fund to draw on for future acting parts. The vivid performances he later gave as the delinquent in *Rebel Without a Cause*, *Crime in the Streets*, *Dino* and *Somebody Up There Likes Me* simply mirrored the actions and behavior patterns of the toughest kids in his neighborhood.

In order to add strength and stamina to his slight frame, he took weight-lifting and bar-bell exercises.

At the end of a year, the boy playing the Crown Prince had grown too big for the part and Sal took over. He played the Crown Prince nearly 900 times, and never missed a performance. From Messrs. R. and H. came the accolade: "He's the finest young actor we know."

The King and I closed and Sal could get nothing. It was hard for him to understand that he was entering the "awkward years," that phase of life so frowned on in show business. But he kept plugging, and finally he got a small part in a movie being shot in the east. Then came an offer to go to Hollywood to play a young Tony Curtis in *Six Bridges to Cross*.

Leaving the family was a wrench for Sal, but Mrs. Mineo pooh-poohed neighbors' fears about his being alone in good-time Hollywood. "Nobody's going to turn Sal's head," she said confidently. "Emotionally, he's been grown-up for years."

When he auditioned later for *Rebel Without a Cause*, Director Nick Ray told him frankly that he wasn't the type he had in mind for the part of Jimmy Dean's trusted pal. But the glow had a delayed-action effect. In a week Ray called him and said, "I've changed the type. You're it."

Rebel, the story of tormented teeners, was a box-office blockbuster, and Sal stole it from both Dean and Natalie Wood. Back in the Bronx, after the picture opened, he suddenly found he was the talk of the industry, the object of all kinds of offers, the recipient of a flood of fan mail, a "name" that meant something.

He was told, first, that to put him over he needed a smart press agent. After conferring with his family, he turned the idea down.

"Who needs a press agent to make up stories about Sal, or to take pictures of him standing on his head?" Mrs. Mineo pointed out. "We want the public to know the real Sal, the one we love, not a character."

It soon became obvious that Sal needed help with his finances, his major decisions and his fan mail. But instead of seeking it from outside experts, he went to his family.

As a result, all his major decisions today are made the way his minor decisions were made years ago, by a meeting of the Mineo minds in the Mineo kitchen. Mrs. Mineo handles all of his financial arrangements, and still keeps her husband's books. She and Sal supervise the fan mail, with the help of three neighborhood girls. Brother Victor, 23, acts as agent in preliminary discussions with movie companies and TV networks, and accompanies Sal on tour. Brother Mike, 20, joins the other three in deciding what kind of pictures Sal should play in, what TV shows he should do, etc. (Only Papa Mineo remains aloof. He's too busy making coffins.)

When this amateur managerial team was formed, the "pros" in the business hooted derisively. But it has produced these fruitful results:

(1) It turned down all offers for long-term contracts with a studio, preferring to have Sal free lance. This has brought him more money and better parts.

(2) For Sal's recent films, it asked for a smaller salary than customary in return for a percentage of the profits. Result: Sal will make twice as much as he would have made ordinarily.

(3) It turned down an enticing offer to sign with the Kraft Television Theater show to do three programs a year, preferring to wait to see how Sal did in his first show for them. Sal did so well that the three-a-year offer was renewed at better terms, and with script and director approval. This time, it was accepted.

(4) It decided to launch Sal in a new career as a recording artist. Though Sal had never sung professionally before, his first record, "Start Movin' In My Direction," sold over a million. His second, "Lasting Love," is doing as well.

Sal's success has, of course, necessitated some changes in his mode of living. He spends more money on clothes and luxuries, though most of his earnings are put into a trust fund. When he takes a date to a movie, he goes in a few minutes after the picture has started and usually leaves shortly before the crowd begins to spill out. He has always wanted to go to college and he still intends to start at Adelphi this year. But because of all his activities, he may have to settle for a part-time schedule.

These changes, however, do not affect Sal's basic sense of values. Nor is the building of a new house for the family in Pelham, just over the New York City line, a major change in Sal's eyes.

"The back part of the house, including my bedroom, will still be on the old side of the border," he says. "So I'll remain what I've always been—a boy from the Bronx."

◆

Business Boosters

A NEW JERSEY department store unfurled an odd window display showing side by side which neckties were chosen by men of their own free will and which ones were bought when the Little Woman was along to lend her advice. The effect was startling. . . .

—NEAL O'HARA *(McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)*

TWO SMALL gold bird ornaments were missing when a Dallas, Texas, woman's suit was returned from the cleaners. She found them in a small, separate package—with a supply of birdseed.

—ELIZABETH ROBINSON

On this
ancient isle,
paradox
is a way of
life

SICILY
VIOLENT LAND OF LOVE

by Franklin E. Brill

WAR?" THE WAITER said, looking across Taormina's *piazza principale*. "Why not? Why not in Sicily again? Sixteen times in history invaders take over Sicily. Mostly Sicily swallows them. Very popular, Sicily."

He turned his worldly eyes toward Mount Etna, then to me, and I felt the warmest smile in all Europe. A hundred generations of occupation, oppression and grinding work have not soured the sunny Sicilian personality. Gentleness and love surround you when you visit this ancient isle which lies two miles off the toe of Italy's boot.

This surprises Americans who think of Sicily in terms of Lucky Luciano and his Mafia pals. But for every such unsavory export, there are thousands of Sicilians who stay home to lavish their all-pervading love on their animals, farms, babies, brides, boys, friends, motor bikes, mothers, Vespas, donkey carts, saints, visiting Americans and—of course—blonde females of any nationality.

No small part of the island's charms are the contrasts and contradictions you meet at every turn. Sicily's 4,500,000 people occupy an area only slightly larger than Vermont, yet you can drive for miles without seeing a soul. In a half-hour, you can move through a kaleidoscope of squalid villages, past barren rock-encrusted hills, and into a Mediterranean vista of unbelievable beauty.

Sicily is politically part of Italy, yet is called an autonomous, self-governing "region," with its own parliament and its own elected representatives to Rome. Its language has been so modified by successive occupations that it is scarcely Italian. Montelepre, for example, is pronounced "Muncialabra."

One Sunday I stood with 5,000 Sicilians on a steep mountain path near Giarre, at a *festa* in honor of the local patron saint. His life-sized wooden image, mounted on an 8,000-pound throne, was about to be rushed two kilometers from the mountain top to the village church on the backs of 40 farm-workers in the annual race against time. A fast trip would mean a good harvest, a record trip would mean record crop. A slip of a single foot would bring disaster—perhaps a total crop failure—and quick death under scores of heavy farm boots.

At 5:30, three aerial bombs echoed from the mountain top, then a hushed silence. Suddenly a fantasy of staggering bodies shouldering the 30-foot-high throne rocked down the rugged path at a suicidal clip—with do-or-die written in bulging eyes and straining cords in necks and torsos. Through the village and into the church careened the image in a record five minutes, and the whole town celebrated the promise of a bumper crop come fall.

Such contrasts are hard for the first-time visitor to believe, until he detects the thread of love behind Sicilian mores. Men shake hands every time they meet, even if it is a dozen times a day. A visit to the next town brings on a flurry of male cheek-kissing. A dying man dies more easily if his room is filled with friends. Parents love children, especially boys, to fantastic excess by modern standards. Sons—from two to 70—love their mothers with a fierce unswerving attachment.

Americans are genuinely liked and admired in Sicily, in contrast to the chill often felt by U.S. tourists elsewhere in Europe. Our GIs were our first goodwill spreaders, and Americans who have bought homes in Sicily are cementing the bond. When Gayelord Hauser, the diet and stay-young author and lecturer, let his maid know that his birthday was imminent last Spring, his Taormina villa was inundated with a hundred bouquets of flowers from townsfolk, scores of whom came to dance and sing up a *festa* in his honor.

Dancing-singing *festas* are another love of the Sicilian, but essentially it is male activity. Unmarried girls are considered too vulnerable, and are kept too tamped-down, covered-up and dowdy-looking, to indulge in public mass-gaiety.

Until married, they are in constant sight of mother, father, older brother or *duenna*. Mostly they are kept indoors, but in some towns are allowed to sit and sew in the doorway, with their backs to the street. After dusk they may show their profiles to passing strangers.

It was a bride in Palermo who, in 1282, touched off Sicily's only major revolt, after centuries of tolerantly accepting—and eventually absorbing—foreign conquerors. The island was under the rule of French occupational troops, one of whom set about searching a wedding party for concealed weapons. The male witnesses, feeling he was a little too free with the bride, erupted into blind fury. A knife plunged into the soldier's heart and, as the bells of the vespers tolled throughout Palermo, able-bodied Sicilians sprang to work with knives, clubs and bare hands. By nightfall, thousands of French soldiers lay dead, Sicily was proclaimed a republic, and the day was engraved in history as the "Sicilian Vespers."

Sister- and mother-love explain Sicily's other phenomenon of violence—the Giuliano "reign"—which ended only seven years ago. Salvatore Giuliano, barely of age in the early post-war years, accidentally killed a *carabiniere* in a black-market crackdown. Badly wounded and without identity card, he fled to the mountains south of Palermo.

To bring the youth to heel, the police jailed his mother and sister—an affront which so enraged him that he swore eternal vengeance. He recruited other disaffected youths into his Robin Hood type of guerrilla band, robbing and kidnaping the rich and helping the poor, and standing off thousands of special troops and police. He issued manifestos and threats which were printed in Sicilian papers, and as the self-styled head-of-state in Sicily he wrote President Truman asking that Sicily be annexed to the U.S.A. as the 49th state.

With the support of both the people and the Mafia, Giuliano defied the government in Rome, which put a price of 5,000,000 lire on his head and credited him with over 100 killings. Not until 1950 did his reign end, when the bullet-riddled body of the handsome 28-year-old bandit king was found in a courtyard in Castelvetrano.

The Giuliano phenomenon was also rooted in the universal distrust of police and soldiery by Sicilians who, after all, have been occupied and policed to death since the dawn of history. Only in a country where "Squeal and you're dead" is a national motto could a Giuliano exist, and only there could he die without a believable explanation. How he was killed and by whom is still a mystery.

THIS NO-SQUEAL doctrine, called *Omertà,* was made the unofficial law of the land by the Mafia, an underground group organized before 1282 by Sicilian landowners to protect their estates from bandits who overran the country. Under this code of "noble silence," disagreements and feuds are settled privately—almost never by public appeal to the police.

"Sicilians were really pushed underground," a professor in Palermo observed. "Seldom in history have we been self-governing—always it was absentee government or occupation troops. Hence the Mafia, Giuliano, and all this secret society business. And, being a gentle people who give out warmly, we react very sharply when stepped upon. American journalists call the Mafia the 'dread rulers of the underworld.' Maybe—but here it stabilizes the island."

The Mafia, still as powerful as ever, operates completely unseen by visitors to Sicily. Tales are told of the geniality and alacrity with which it returns a visitor's possessions if erroneously "liberated" by a Sicilian thief.

But all things have their price, and the Mafia expects something in return. A Siracusan, for instance, having tried to buy American cigarettes from a black-marketeer who disappeared permanently with his 20,000 lire, decided against appealing to the Mafia.

"I'd get my money back," he admitted, "but then I'd be obligated to them. That's bad, especially for professional people, who might be pushed into granting favors or pulling strings for them."

Though the island is as peaceful as any land in Europe today, you see a curious mixture of Sicilian violence and love through the windshield of your car. By day, thousands of farmworkers hurtle toward you on their motor bikes and scooters, coming in endless waves, two and three abreast, and practically holding hands. In between these roaring motorized waves plod donkeys, donkey carts and herds of sheep and goats.

After dark, cars and motor bikes whip through the narrow winding roads at fantastic speeds, flicking the high beams of their headlights endlessly into oncoming eyes. This split-second flick-flick is the Sicilian way of warning cars, pedestrians, donkey-drivers and bicycles of their headlong approach. "Watch out—don't dent my front fenders with your silly bodies," they seem to say. Sicilians love their motors as madly as any U.S. teenager, and drive them far more wildly.

By contrast, Sicilians are proud of their contribution to Graeco-Roman mythology. In Messina your cab driver will point fondly toward the roads where Scylla—a beachcombing nymph beloved by the sea-god Glaucus—was turned into a sea-monster by the jealous Circe. Near Enna, they will show you the spot where Pluto kidnaped Proserpine, took her underground and thus produced the four seasons. In Siracusa they will tell you that Ulysses spent some of the best years of his Odyssey here.

They also love their Grecian temples. Walking through the Temple of Neptune in Selinunte, one meets a cluster of roadworkers eating their lunch, their backs propped against the huge fluted columns.

"*Molto bello,* eh?" They wave their hands across the temple's façade. "*Bellissimo*!"

The Greeks, who had their choice of the most beautiful building sites in the Mediterranean, made Sicily their Colony of Culture, and their theaters and temples stand serenely today on a dozen of the island's best outlooks. In Siracusa, the greatest city of the world during this Greek

Ancient Greeks made Sicily a cultural center and many temples and theatres still dominate the island's best sites.

Plodding donkeys hauling gaily painted farm carts are an ancient—and still popular—form of getting around.

colonial period nearly 3,000 years ago, Aeschylus premiered his famous tragedies in a huge outdoor theater carved into the granite cliffs at the very edge of the Ionian Sea.

Sicilians love their soil to such a degree that only hand tools are considered sufficiently gentle. The arable parts of the island are tilled down to the last square foot, with vegetables and grains growing between the fruit trees in every orchard.

Through the ages, Sicilians have built literally thousands of miles of stone walls to permit terrace-farming on the mountainsides, and they are superb examples of "dry-wall" construction. On the slopes of Mount Etna, these terraced farms with their fertile black lava soil can produce three and four crops of fruits, vegetables and grain per year. Yet, despite all this loving care and kindness lavished on the soil, Sicily can scarcely feed itself.

Sicilian men, in a perverse way, prize the maleness of their customs—the traditional waywardness of the husband, the eternal faithfulness of the wife, the inalienable right of the male to be shaved by a barber, even though habitually unemployed.

They insist upon clean clothes—there are miles of laundry lines in Sicily—even though they haven't gotten around to boarding the dirt floor. They reserve the right to sit and talk with dignity in the village square when unemployed, which is often, even though they must jump over an open sewer to get there.

So perverse are many facets of Sicily's way of life that visitors frequently say: "There's a right way, a wrong way, and a Sicilian way of doing everything." To which a Sicilian could answer: "If we do things the German way, the French wouldn't like us. And if we act too Spanish, the British might not like us. So we've learned to do things the Sicilian way. The rest of Europe may think we're crazy, but at least they love us." That, to a Sicilian, is everything. ♛ ♛ ♛

Human Comedy

WHILE ON DUTY at our local library one day, I noticed a very striking, fashionably dressed young woman going from bookshelf to bookshelf. She would extract a book, tuck it under her arm, shake her head, replace the book—then repeat the performance at another shelf.

Intrigued, I asked if I could be of any service. Somewhat embarrassed, she explained that she was to meet a blind-date in the lobby of a hotel nearby, and would be identified to him by "a book under her left arm." She was having a devilish time trying to find a book with a cover to blend with her persimmon-chartreuse color scheme.

—SYLVIA B. RICHMOND

A LADY, well past the early bloom of youth, walked up to a clerk in a drug store and whispered: "Have you anything for gray hair?" The clerk looked around and then whispered back, "Nothing, madam, but the greatest respect." —*Nassau*

MY WIFE'S parents are Quakers in the best tradition of the Philadelphia Main Line. Soon after we first met, she took me to dinner at her home to meet her family. Her father, a benign, scholarly gentleman, thought it his duty to explain the Friends' philosophy to me, an outsider. He launched into a discussion of family history; then, apparently feeling he wasn't making much headway with a brash college youth, he leaned forward in his chair, his eyes twinkling beneath bushy brows.

"I'll sum it up for thee, Mark," he said. "We Quakers have an abiding faith in God and unmortgaged real estate." —MARK METCALF

AT A RECENT town meeting, my husband was called upon to give a brief account of his qualifications for the committee of a newly formed school building program.

Upon stating his place of employment, schooling, etc., my slightly nervous spouse brought down the house with his closing remark: "—and, I believe I am the father of four children!" —MRS. SHELAGH M. SERRIE

OFFICIALS OF THE Mitchel Air Force Base, New York, received the following letter from a homeowner living near the end of a runway: "Please don't use this runway before noon on Saturday. I am going to show my house to a prospective buyer." —DORIS B. HORN

A FRIEND OF OURS brought home one of those "Understanding Your Teenager" books, and to spare her young daughter any possible embarrassment or self-consciousness, she smuggled it up to her own room. Once there, however, she became so absorbed in the book that when the youngster knocked on her door, she called, "Come in" without looking up. The daughter took one look at the book, one at her mother—and then slammed out of the house without a word.

In a few minutes she came back and—still without a word—stretched out on the couch with a book of her own, its title conspicuously visible: "YOU AND YOUR AGING PARENTS."

—IVERN BOYETT

AT DINNER, our four-year-old had eaten everything except his bread and butter. His mother, trying to entice him to finish this, spread jelly on it for him. When he replied that he didn't like bread and butter, she reminded him that he always ate it like that at Grandma's.

He replied authoritatively, "Sometimes I like it like that at Grandma's and sometimes I don't like it like that at Grandma's. Sometimes I like it like that at home and sometimes I don't like it like that at home and this is the week I don't like it like that."

—ROBERT A. GRAHAM

MANY YEARS AGO, a salesman in the then new aluminum industry demonstrated for one of the Steinway family a piano key pin which his firm thought was much superior to the brass pin being used.

"Well," said Mr. Steinway, after some deliberation, "we are an old firm, slow and cautious about making changes. We'll install your pins and give them a try."

"That's good enough," said the salesman, visioning a large order in the offing. "How long will you have to check the pins?"

"Oh," said Mr. Steinway thoughtfully, "I'd say about 50 years."

—DAN BEVELLO (*Quote*)

AIRPLANE PIONEERS Wilbur and Orville Wright, a taciturn duo, hated to make speeches. Once, at a luncheon, they were scheduled to speak before a group of inventors. The toastmaster called on Wilbur.

"There must be some mistake," stammered Wilbur. "Orville is the one who does the talking."

The toastmaster turned to Orville. The latter stood up and said:

"Wilbur just made the speech."

—E. E. EDGAR

MY NINE-YEAR-OLD SON had developed a habit of letting others do his thinking for him. One day, asked to put a book away, he answered with his usual query, "Where shall I put it, Mother?"

"Johnny," I said calmly, "I want you to think this one out for yourself. Just pretend I've disappeared and can't answer your question. Now, what will you do?"

His face became very serious, he thought for a moment, then with a determined step walked into the living room and asked, "Dad, where shall I put this book?"

—CLARICE ANDERSON

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The return of an actress

by GEROLD FRANK

FAME, FOR FRANCES FARMER, came with dizzying speed. At 19, she was a college student in Seattle, Washington; at 23 (above, left) she was a $200,000-a-year stage and screen star, married to actor Leif Erickson, admired for her talent, beauty, intelligence. Almost as suddenly came the appalling descent into illness and oblivion. From 1942 to 1957 Frances Farmer vanished, with only a passing newspaper item to tell of her years in and out of mental institutions. Today, (above), she says with a sad smile, "I think to myself, 'It never really happened to me. It happened to someone with my name who looks like me.'"

Her first Broadway stage appearance was in Group Theatre's spectacular hit, "Golden Boy."

Hollywood gave her the glamor treatment— fame, money, and a promise of security.

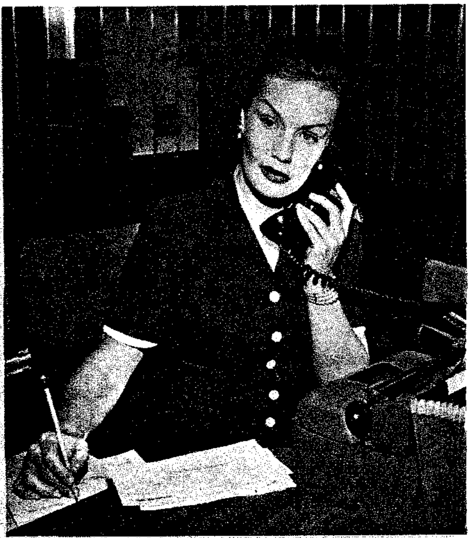
"VERY EAGER TO GET AHEAD; full-hearted; sensitive; high-strung; a great beauty." So director Elia Kazan remembers the young Frances Farmer. Actually, she had begun with dreams of being a writer. As a 17-year-old high school student, her essay, "God Dies" had won a nationwide magazine contest. "It was my first conscious questioning of fate," she recalls, "my first doubt that perfect security exists for anyone. I was influenced by Dreiser and O'Neill." But when she won the lead in a University of Washington senior play, writing paled before the drama. Then, a screen test—and Hollywood.

From 1936 to 1942, Miss Farmer appeared in nearly 20 films—as well as several Broadway plays—with such leading men as George Sanders (left), Cary Grant, Tyrone Power.

Different interests, differences in temperament led to ultimate divorce from Erickson.

A GNAWING, indefinable dissatisfaction was setting in. In "Golden Boy" the hero had torn himself apart choosing between success and art. This, Miss Farmer felt, was her dilemma, too. "For the first time I asked myself, 'Where am I going? Do I want to go there?' I was torn between Hollywood success—and the Group Theatre ideal of art. Meanwhile, even my marriage was beginning to crash. I took myself and the world, and the war pressing in on us then, very seriously." Distraught, obsessed by a sense of inevitable tragedy that haunted her since high school days, she tottered on the edge of breakdown. "I couldn't cope with it. I drank to escape the pressures." Then—the crack-up.

The crack-up began with sleeplessness, an inability to remember lines, arrests for drunken driving (as here, in 1943), sudden tears, violence. "I was fighting an endless battle for control of myself—a battle I finally lost."



As a prelude to her comeback, she obtained a job as a clerk in a San Francisco hotel.

"I had many problems—career, family, love, guilts and fears I couldn't express. . . ." In 1944, California police picked her up hitchhiking. She was hospitalized later.

LOOKING BACK TO 1944-1952, much of it spent in the Washington State Hospital, she asks, "What is emotional illness? What is mental illness? Where does one end, the other begin? I don't know. There was reality then for me, but it was the awful reality of institutions." During those dark years she felt like an exhausted swimmer treading water, "gritting my teeth, hoping I wouldn't go under, that somehow I'd reach shore." In 1952, recovered, she returned to Seattle to care for her ill parents. After they died in 1954, she took one modest job after another. Only by slow stages did she reach the point of accepting an acting role again, at the Bucks County Playhouse last August in "The Chalk Garden" (below). "I had thought that world had ended for me."

As with a beginner, Miss Farmer's way back was paved with intense, wearisome rehearsal.

She began studying scripts, auditioning for plays. (Left) Reading for producer Marshall Jamison, director Don Richardson, of the U. S. Steel T.V. Hour.

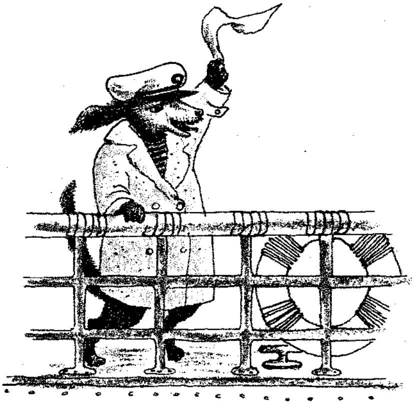
Ed Sullivan (below) gave her big break by having her sing on two TV programs.

IT WASN'T EASY to dare the limelight again. "Just to resume my life in the world, to walk down the street as a human being, not an institutional number, was a shattering experience...." She was working as a bookkeeper in Eureka, California, when Lee Mikesell, a radio management consultant, encouraged her to think of a comeback. "My first reaction was no. I thought, 'I'm safe here—maybe being a bookkeeper isn't suited to my talents, but there aren't any ups and downs, no tremors and anxieties, no career to tear me in two. Why give this up? And why expose myself to a past which is buried and forgotten?'" Mikesell prevailed upon her: "Once an actress, always an actress. You're never too old, you can never be too long away from the theatre." She said she'd try.

Members of the 12th Night Club, actresses' organization, remembered her, welcomed her back enthusiastically when she appeared as guest of honor at New York Lambs club.

To come back most effectively, she required a wardrobe. A couturier (left) fits clothes designed especially for her at Women's Haberdashers, Inc., exclusive Madison Ave. shop.

IT TAKES TIME, courage—and great faith in yourself and in fellow human beings—to pick up the pieces of a life you thought had vanished long ago. "You know, for a while I grew accustomed to thinking of myself as somebody else," she confesses. "There had been a Frances Farmer, an actress—but she wasn't me. I was another woman working quietly, peacefully, almost devoid of dreams—or hope." But now, as Frances Farmer again, she is back in the work for which she had always prepared herself: she takes singing lessons, studies scripts, consults with agents, producers. "I spent 40 years of my life thinking, being, living, an actress. That's who I am. That's my identity. That's what I shall keep on being. And some day I'd like to be one of the finest actresses on the legitimate stage."



If you and your pooch sail the Atlantic together he'll have to put on the dog—even if you don't

FEW HUMANS find travel on the transatlantic liners half as luxurious as their pets. You can travel tourist class yourself. But if you think that travel will broaden your dog's mind, and want to take it along, it must go first class—for hygienic reasons — in quarters with open-air sections on the very top deck.

And if you go on the *America,* your pet will be tended by the world's only ship's veterinarian, Dr. Lester M. Pearce, the *America's* soft-spoken, stocky 57-year-old kennelmaster.

If your pooch is social-minded it will be easier for him to break into the animal counterpart of café society than his master, for he is likely to share tree trunks with such bluebloods as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's royal pugs, Douglas Fairbanks' great Danes, and many others of the international canine smart set.

The most traveled of animals are the circus performers that are sent abroad yearly to do their stuff under European Big Tops. On one hectic voyage, Pearce had to ride herd on 22 performing poodles, while on another he had to work out the problem of how to exercise three trained monkeys and four dogs in a circus act bound for Germany.

Doc Pearce began his veterinary career handling horses and mules during World War I with the 109th Remount Corps. After the war, he hung out a shingle at his home in Teaneck, New Jersey, and built up a thriving practice until ill health from overwork forced him to abandon it. It was then that the owner of one of his patients, an official of the United States Lines, offered him the job of kennelmaster of the *America.*

Although he had a large cabin below decks, Doc soon discovered that he couldn't sleep so far away from his wards. He emptied out a tiny storeroom in the kennels, installed a small cot, and hasn't slept below since. Although the clamor of happy animals doesn't disturb him, the soft whine of a sick pooch will snap him out of the deepest sleep faster than an alarm clock.

No one breed of dog makes a better traveler than another, Pearce says. And, curiously enough, neither dogs nor cats ever get seasick aboard large liners. Some dogs lose their heads for the first few days at sea, barking and howling; others, out of excitement, may throw a mild fit or two; but they all settle down after the first three days.

If Doc hears that any of his wards has a bad reputation, he'll keep it muzzled for awhile whenever they go for a stroll on the *America's* special animal run. But even the most vicious of dogs are brought under control after Doc has a chance to make friends.

"It's only the spoiled pooches you have to watch out for," he says ruefully, displaying a useless little finger that was worked over by a particularly bad-natured dog who had caught him off-guard.

Pearce admits that the owners give him more of a headache than the animals themselves. A few years ago, for instance, a lady came in with two bottles of expensive French perfume for her dog—one scent for the fore and the other for the aft quarters—and declared her intention of spraying the animal every day of the voyage.

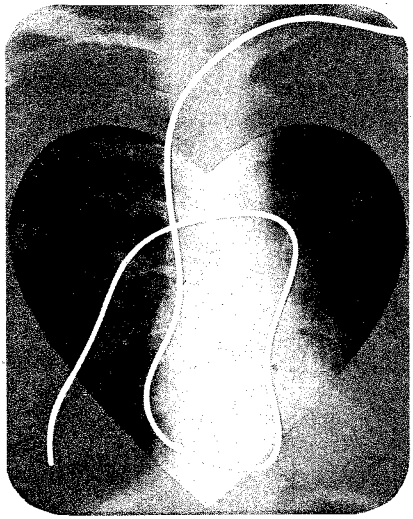
"But two days out the lady—ah—unfortunately got seasick and had to stay below," Pearce recalls with a grin. "And for the rest of the voyage that dog had a happy time."

Ever since his four round trips to Germany with Oscar, a rooster that couldn't get landing papers, Doc Pearce has no longer been amazed at the type of pets people bring abroad. They have ranged from deodorized skunks and tropical fish, to golden eagles and housebroken minks.

A special operating theater and hospital are available to the animals; and, although each pet is required to have a health certificate from its family veterinarian before sailing, many times Pearce has to perform emergency operations.

Despite the luxury of first-class travel with attending physician, the cost for pet accommodations is fairly inexpensive. On the *America* a crossing for a dog is only $50 for room and board; independent cats, who disdain promenades and prefer to keep to their own quarters, are charged $10; and $5 buys a bird a ticket and a cage.

Getting a permit and a health certificate for your pet is fairly easy; but if you are entertaining the idea of touring with your parrot (and quite a few do), you'd better forget about it. Since parrots can be carriers of psittacosis, they are all treated as suspiciously as Russian spies. And the ensuing red tape in getting them permits will discourage the most patient pet owner. ♛ ♛ ♛



THE DOCTOR'S "CIRCUS STUNT"

by RUDOLF FRIEDRICH and HENRY MARX

Fighting doubt—and his associates—he pioneered a new technique in heart therapy by becoming his own guinea pig

ACK IN 1929, a 25-year-old German doctor named Werner Forssmann went to a celebrated physician to enlist his aid in getting a university job. He wanted the job, Forssmann explained, because it would enable him to continue certain experiments in heart catheterization which he believed would revolutionize current methods of treating heart ailments.

Already, he said, he had proven the basic theory of his new approach. He had shown it was possible to thread a catheter (a thin flexible tube of the kind used to relieve urinary obstruction) through the veins into the heart without injury to the patient.

This could mean that sedatives or stimulating drugs could be injected directly into the heart, a far more effective procedure than the customary intravenous injection. As Forssmann's method was perfected, blood specimens could be taken from the heart to investigate further certain metabolic processes. Even more important, he was certain that eventually radiopaque substances could be injected into the heart, to give clearer X-ray pictures so that heart patients could be better and more completely diagnosed.

"Take your stunts to the circus, young man," the renowned physician said. "German medical schools are no place for them."

But Werner Forssmann was stubborn. He would not be convinced that because something had not been done it could never be done. He had begun his experiments more than a year before—in the morgue. It had not been difficult, working on deceased persons, to thread a tube through an arm vein into the right heart auricle.

Here was evidence that, technically at least, his theory was practical. But he still didn't know whether the tube could be inserted in the heart of a living person without catastrophic consequences.

He went to the chief at his hospital at Eberswalde (a few miles northeast of Berlin) and asked permission to test the experiment on himself. This physician had been a close friend of young Forssmann's father, killed in World War I.

"Look, Werner," he told him, "what could I possibly say to your mother if something were to happen to you? No. I forbid you to do anything of the sort."

Disregarding the command of his superior, Forssmann persuaded one of his less skeptical colleagues to help him in a secret experiment. He punctured his own arm vein. The job of his colleague was merely to push a tube slowly up towards his heart. A simple matter, but with each inch that the catheter advanced, his accomplice became more nervous.

"Go on," Forssmann encouraged him. "There's no danger."

"This is suicide," the other muttered. "And if you die, I'll be judged your murderer."

Forssmann only laughed. But when the tube had advanced about a foot into his body (probably near the collar bone) he was seized by a sudden coughing spell.

"It's nothing," he said, choking. "I'm a bit warm, but otherwise I feel fine."

His friend had had enough. "I can't go on with this," he announced. Over Forssmann's protests, he withdrew the tube slowly, his hand trembling.

His reaction only reflected what every medical man thought at that time: the heart, symbol of life, was *never* to be touched. Of course, on rare occasions, a surgeon succeeded in stitching together a heart muscle, damaged from without. But this was a last desperate gamble to save someone who would have died anyway.

To push a tube through the veins of a completely healthy human being straight into the heart was to invite mortal danger, Forssmann's opponents argued. What if the thin walls of the vein ruptured, leading to a fatal hemorrhage? Or if an air embolism resulted, or perhaps a blood clot, with fatal results?

Dr. Forssmann, a medical rebel, decided that if nobody would help him conduct his experiment, he would do it by himself.

One day he remained in the operating room after his colleagues had left. He summoned the operating nurse, a young woman named Gerda Ditzen, and asked her to prepare instruments for a local anesthesia. No, he wouldn't need her assistance, he said.

As soon as she had left him alone, he anesthetized his elbow bend, punctured a vein, and prepared to insert the catheter. Unexpectedly, Gerda returned. She had guessed what he had in mind, and told him she was going to report to their chief that he was trying the forbidden experiment.

"Go on, leave me alone," he pleaded. "What I'm going to do is perfectly harmless."

She tried to argue. Finally, she said, "Doctor, if it is so harmless, why don't you try it on me?"

"All right, if you insist," Forssmann said. "Get on the operating table. Make yourself comfortable."

The nurse hadn't expected him to take her up, but it was too late to back out. She did as she was told, and he tied her arms and legs securely, as though preparing for a serious operation. Then, when she was bound and helpless, he calmly picked up the catheter and began threading it into his own arm vein.

Once again, when the tube had gone in about a foot, he began to cough. But he continued the threading. Presently the coughing subsided.

When two feet of the tube had been inserted it met with an obstruction. This was as it should be, according to his calculations. The tip of the catheter had reached his heart.

But who would believe him? How could he prove it? There was one way.

With the catheter in his heart and his left hand immobilized, he untied Gerda with his right hand. The nurse, perhaps moved by his courage and stubbornness, perhaps afraid for him, followed without protest as Forssmann left the operating room, his right hand holding the end of the catheter. He walked along two corridors and down a stairway to the X-ray room in the hospital basement. With satisfaction he noted that he felt no pain.

He took his position behind the X-ray screen, instructing the nurse to hold a mirror in front of it so that he might see for himself the results of his experiment. In the X ray he saw that a thin line divided his chest. It went from his left arm in an arch by way of the collar bone down to the heart. It ended in the middle of the heart shadow!

The X-ray photograph would be incontrovertible proof that catheterization of the heart was practical, that his experiment was both harmless and painless. At last, victory was his.

But victory does not come so easily to a man who is ahead of his time. Older physicians were not interested in the efforts of this medical upstart to try to teach them something they had condemned in advance.

Forssmann nevertheless continued his experiments doggedly. Through the catheter he injected radiopaque dye directly into the heart, for the purpose of improving the quality of X-ray pictures. The results were doubtful. While he actually did fill the heart chambers with the dye, the X-ray machinery of the time was too slow. Before the picture could be taken, the dye had already left the heart.

The results of Forssmann's work were published in a reputable German medical journal on November 5, 1929. But the experts would have none of it. He read a paper at a medical congress. The few who listened sneered. He tried for a job at a medical school and applied repeatedly for the position of staff member at the larger hospitals, so he could go on with his experiments, but everywhere he was rebuffed.

BURYING his dreams of an academic career, Forssmann turned to urology, and in due time married a colleague who was also a urologist. Eventually they settled down to a humdrum practice, largely devoted to routine examinations. It was a means of earning a living, but one that did little more than provide his growing family with the bare necessities.

More than ten years later—after World War II was under way—two Columbia University professors, André Cournand and Dickinson W.

Richards, learned of Forssmann's research feat, though they did not at first know the name of its originator. Immediately they realized the tremendous value of this method for the exact diagnosis of valvular heart defects and heart deformities. They set to work to improve Forssmann's original primitive experiments, working first on animals, later on humans. Forssmann himself knew nothing of what they were doing.

In the next few years, tremendous strides were taken in the field of heart treatment. The newly developing science of heart surgery, thanks to Forssmann and his successors, was a much surer science than it would have been otherwise. Because of him, the heart surgeons had a tool to diagnose many types of heart failure—and to save the lives of thousands of "blue babies."

help your HEART FUND help YOUR heart

It is one of the tragic incidents of medical history that Forssmann, after his initial discovery, could take no part in the development of his own techniques. He remained practically unknown. Though his original experiments were duly noted in medical literature, his name in American publications, until a very recent date, was given as either Walter Forssmann or Williamm Forssmann.

But on December 10, 1956, the Nobel Prize for Medicine and Physiology (amounting to $38,633) was awarded to Dr. Werner Forssmann and the two Americans, Drs. Cournand and Richards, for their work in heart catheterization. Shortly thereafter, the University of Mainz, Germany, appointed Forssmann a professor and offered him a chair to teach medical students.

When all this happened, the doctor was living with his wife and six children in a small, bomb-scarred house in Bad Kreuznach. The disappointments of his youth and the years of neglect had not embittered him.

"I feel like a parish priest who has suddenly been made a cardinal," he said, when news of the Stockholm award reached him.

The opposite, actually, might be said to be true. For more than 25 years, a cardinal had been banished to a village parish.

◆

Free Trade

A DRUGSTORE in Utah gives out free hunting licenses to visitors to hunt dinosaurs.

IN KEOKUK, IOWA, a furniture store offers a free set of Kinsey's volumes with each set of bedroom furniture.

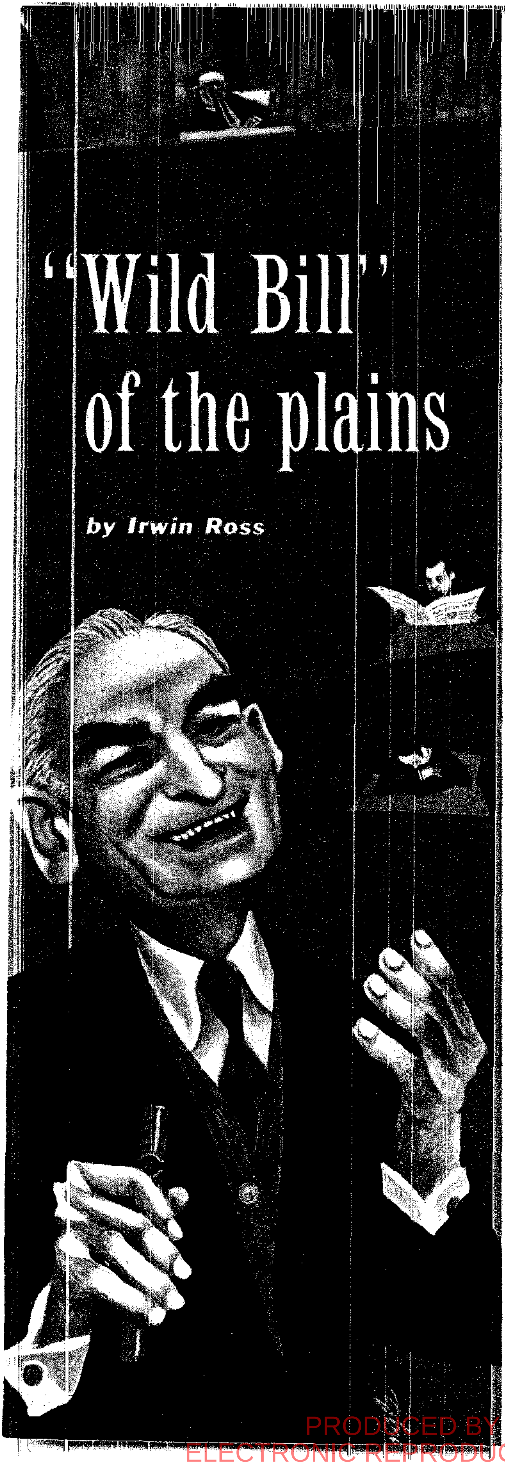
A RESTAURANT in Spirit Lake, Iowa, places paper mats that can be colored under children's plates.

THERE'S A BARBER SHOP in Manhattan that gives a diploma free to youngsters who get their first hair cuts there.

—DAVID DEUTSCH

"Wild Bill" of the plains

by *Irwin Ross*



William "Wild Bill" Langer, the senior Republican Senator from North Dakota, has earned the reputation of being the oddest member of that august body of United States lawmakers.

When Winston Churchill was expected to visit the U.S. in 1952, for instance, the Senator, who has an old isolationist's suspicion of the British, promptly dispatched a telegram asking the pastor of the famed Old North Church in Boston to hang two lanterns in his belfry—to warn the citizenry in the same fashion that Paul Revere had been alerted in 1776. "Believe our fellow countrymen should be equally warned and alerted today," wired an alarmed Langer.

A year ago, just as a Senate committee meeting was about to begin, Wild Bill announced to his colleagues that a song had recently been written about North Dakota. He proceeded to sing it to a rapt audience. Then he asked Sen. Estes Kefauver if he cared to render the "Tennessee Waltz." Kefauver declined.

His colleagues never know quite what to expect of Wild Bill. In the Senate since 1941, he has left the disconcerting impress of a personality that is at once imprudent, gaily irresponsible, arrogant, kindly and high-minded.

He has many critics, few enemies,

When the oldest and most disconcerting U. S. senator charges into the legislative chamber, anything can happen—and frequently does

some admirers and no followers in the Senate.

Physically, the 71-year-old Langer is a hulking, shaggy, gray-haired man with a large nose, bushy eyebrows and deep-set eyes. When aroused by a pointed question or implied rebuke, he still pounds his desk with an enormous fist and emits a bellow of annoyance.

Langer's eccentricities are as famous as his tirades on the Senate floor. He never smokes or drinks, but has a passion for chewing cigars in their cellophane wrappers. He is beguilingly absent-minded and never embarrassed when caught in the act of strolling out of the Senate cloakroom with a colleague's overcoat, which has led to the remark, "He wears no man's collar, but any man's overcoat."

Though a life-long Republican, Langer is like no other Republican who bears the label. In domestic affairs, he votes with the liberal wing of the Democratic Party; in foreign affairs, he votes neither with the Democrats nor with the Modern Republicans, having a thorough disdain for all the international commitments this country has assumed since World War I.

He voted against lend-lease, against selective service, against the reciprocal trade agreements. He was one of two Senators to vote against the United Nations. He opposed all foreign aid appropriations except UNRRA.

Such views, while more extreme than those of many of his constituents, have always appealed to the predominantly isolationist sentiment in his home state. So does his liberalism in domestic politics and his anachronistic railing against "Wall Street" and "big money." For the wheat farmers, always suspicious of Eastern bankers, have never forgotten the beating they took in the Depression.

The key to Langer, in short, is that he is an old-fashioned agrarian radical. But no label really fits him. An agrarian radical he may be, but he has also frequently sided with union labor—he opposed the Taft-Hartley Act, for example—a cause hardly dear to a farmer's heart. Similarly, he has always been strong for civil rights, and equally impassioned in defense of the filibuster—a unique combination of views in the U.S. Senate.

"I'm for the filibuster 100 percent," he says. "Why? This is the only place left in the world for untrammeled debate. You limit debate on a civil rights law—and you may find the big business lobby trying to pass a law against the farmers."

Langer's contradictions hardly trouble his constituents. In 1952 they re-elected him with his largest majority ever. His basic strength is that they regard him as representing their interests—corporately and individually. He is indefatigible in doing favors for them—interceding with Government bureaus, helping with a pension problem, staving off a deportation.

Typical of the man was the way he got into the Dixon-Yates investigation, which became one of the major Democratic battle cries during the first Eisenhower administration. The bizarre operations of the Senatorial seniority system, after the 1952 Republican sweep, had made Langer chairman of the Judiciary Committee— an appalling development to orthodox Republicans. Langer also made himself chairman of the anti-monopoly subcommittee of the full committee and hired as counsel an energetic, liberal lawyer named Sidney Davis.

He asked Davis, "What do you think will be the toughest lobby to tackle?"

"The power lobby," said Davis.

"Well, let's fight them," said Langer.

The Senate Rules Committee, however, disagreed with Langer's judgment and withdrew its $75,000 grant when it discovered what he was up to. Whereupon Langer put Davis on his personal staff and cheerfully carried on without any funds at all.

Before long, Davis had come across the administration's project to have the Messrs. Dixon and Yates build a privately owned power plant in the TVA area and thus undercut that monument to public power. The subsequent outcry went on for months, and ultimately the Dixon-Yates plan was killed. It was a major defeat for the administration, in which Langer gloried.

Part of the Langer legend is the enormous resourcefulness of the man. Back when he was North Dakota's Attorney General he was a brash young man eager to make a reputation as a crusader. The city of Minot was a tough, "wide-open" town, and he decided to give it a "real cleaning." He went there incognito, accompanied by 51 private detectives disguised as working men.

In three weeks, they gathered all the necessary evidence. Langer then staged a trial raid and discovered that as soon as his men entered a house of prostitution, all the other joints in town were alerted by phone.

The next night, when his big raid was scheduled, Langer marched up to the telephone exchange with three armed men and took possession. The telephone company's lawyer then got another armed band and laid siege to the building. By the time Langer was thrown out, the raids were over and 156 people had been arrested.

In his moment of triumph, Langer found himself under arrest by city police on a charge of inciting a riot. Acquitted, he was promptly re-arrested—for illegally seizing the telephone lines. Once again he won his freedom—and left town a hero to all the solid citizens.

Nothing in Langer's early life foreshadowed the flamboyance of his mature career. He was born on a farm in Cass County, North Dakota, on September 30, 1886. He attended a country school, then grade and high school in nearby Casselton.

At the age of 15 he worked on a neighbor's farm; and boasts in the Congressional Directory that "as a result of his ability to handle large crews of men" he was appointed foreman.

But his real achievements were scholastic. He graduated from high school at 16; two years later he had gotten through the law school of the University of North Dakota and passed the bar exams.

He was too young to practice, however, and so his parents packed him off to Columbia University, where he enrolled as an undergraduate—a surprising reversal of the normal academic routine.

After graduation, Langer was offered a job by a well-known New York law firm, but preferred to return to North Dakota. He started practicing in Mandan and was soon up to his neck in politics. In 1914, he was elected State's Attorney for Morton County, two years later he became Attorney General for the state. In 1918, he married Lydia Cary, a girl he had met at a concert in New York; they subsequently had four daughters.

Langer's early political career coincided with the rise to power of North Dakota's Non-Partisan League, a militant organization, founded by Socialists and others, which proceeded to capture the Republican Party. The League's program was considerably to the left for the times and designed to free the wheat farmers from the economic squeeze imposed by the private millers.

Bill Langer, though himself hardly an oppressed farm boy and never a Socialist, became a League firebrand. In 1920, he was defeated for Governor.

For the next 12 years he held no elective office. Then in the early '30s, when half the state's farmers were on relief, he revivified the old Non-Partisan League and in 1932 was elected Governor.

His tenure in office was stormy. To his impoverished constituents, he was a hero; to the "moneyed interests," a threat. He established an old-age pension system, declared a moratorium on farm mortgages, embargoed wheat shipments from the state until the price was pushed from 49¢ to 72¢ a bushel, and was boisterously high-handed in defending the underdog.

Oddly, despite his long record as a "progressive Republican," Langer was no friend of the New Deal. The New Dealers, on their side, openly distrusted him. Federal investigators came up with accusations that Langer and his followers were putting pressure on employees in federal relief agencies to subscribe to *The Leader*, the Non-Partisan League weekly. The Governor was thereupon brought to trial in federal court, convicted and sentenced to 18 months in jail.

This was the low point in the Langer career. He appealed the verdict, but meantime was removed as Governor by the State Supreme Court. Moreover, he was also not permitted to practice law and had to borrow money to live on.

When his case finally reached the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, the conviction was reversed. A second trial resulted in a hung jury. The third acquitted him.

Thoroughly rejuvenated by this brush with political death, the following year Langer again ran for Governor and was re-elected.

In 1940, he made his first try for the Senate—and won easily. But before he could take his seat, a group of opponents petitioned the Senate to exclude him on grounds of election fraud and other corruption. The Senate allowed Langer to take his seat provisionally, while the Committee on Privileges and Elections investigated his case.

The probe dragged on for months, and in the end the committee voted 13 to 3 to unseat him. (Every Republican voted against him.)

Langer was saved, eventually, by the oratorical skill of redoubtable Republicans like Senators Tobey and Taft who argued, in sum, that it was unfair to throw out a man after the voters had examined the same charges in many elections yet always returned him to office. The full Senate reversed its committee and kept Wild Bill in his seat.

He has been there ever since—a thorn in the side of the Republicans and a source of endless perplexity to the Democrats. And he has solid accomplishments to his credit—notably improvements in the operation of federal penitentiaries and an upward revision, some years ago, in the pay scales of postal employees. To lawyers seeking help for underprivileged clients, he is regarded as the softest touch on Capitol Hill.

On occasion, his lack of discrimination has brought Langer vigorous criticism—as when he held up the deportation of alien Nazis by putting in private bills; and when he spoke at an alleged Communist-front meeting in behalf of Morton Sobell, who was convicted in the Rosenberg spy case.

"I didn't appear in behalf of Morton Sobell," Langer explains. "I appeared to help him raise money for his defense. Sobell has the right to appeal to a higher court."

But what about appearing on an alleged Communist platform? Langer shrugged amiably. "It was the principle that counted."

No other Senator could get away with so quixotic an attitude. But Langer's towering eccentricity seems to beget forgiveness—or indifference.

A final question in regard to Langer is inevitable: why does he remain a Republican?

His answer is blandly decisive: "I believe that I'm one of the best Republicans in the Senate."

Sermons on Stone

A TOMBSTONE, Arizona, cemetery carries this epitaph:

Here
Lies
Lester Moore
Four Slugs
From A .44
No Les
No Moore

—HELEN WEBER

by Darlene Geis

LOSE 5 LBS. IN A WEEK

WITH THE

"EAT EVERYTHING—BUT" DIET

You can splurge on almost anything —and still shed excess poundage—if you shun these 22 forbidden foods

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to lose five pounds in one week without actually "going on a diet"? No special menus. No special foods. No hunger pangs. No trouble at all, really.

If it sounds remarkable, credit a remarkably realistic New York doctor with this sure-fire new system. He found that when he gave his patients diets, they were far more apt to lose the diets than the weight.

The rigid menu approach looked good on paper. But it just wasn't practical for people to follow.

Whereupon the doctor went at the problem the other way around. It's what you *don't* eat, he reasoned, that won't fatten you. So he lets his patients eat what and when they wanted—*except for a list of 22 foods.* And it worked! Men and women who had struggled vainly to shed extra poundage found that by consulting their little black list, *and heeding it scrupulously,* they could eat like normal human beings and still make the doctor's prescribed weight. And so The Power of Negative Shrinking was born.

The doctor's years of experience, and a careful cross-checking of all the best diets available, resulted in a final scientific list of 22 foods without which it would be practically impossible to gain weight. Operating in reverse, you strike those foods from your menus, eat reasonable quantities of anything else—

and you lose poundage. Period.

The first step in following this negative approach to a positive weight loss is to clip the following list of prohibited foods. Keep it with you at all times, in your wallet or purse, and at mealtimes make sure none of the items on the list find their way on to your plate:

LOSE FIVE POUNDS A WEEK

based on

"The Power of Negative Shrinking"

Eat reasonable quantities of anything you please, *except*—

Bread
Butter
Candy
Cereals
Chocolate
Crackers
Cream
Custard
Cake
Gravy
Ice Cream
Jellies, Jams
Noodles
Nuts
Oil
Pastry
Potatoes
Pudding
Rice
Soups (thick)
Spaghetti
Sugar

Following this diet means that for breakfast, for example, you might have fruit (unsweetened), eggs, bacon and coffee with milk. And it would certainly seem that you were "dieting" pretty high off the hog by eating the foods that are *off* the list. Actually, even with two eggs and two strips of bacon, that breakfast is only slightly more than 300 calories. However, since 1,200 calories a day is the grandest total you should allow yourself if you're taking the direct road to Sylphtown, you might cut your egg and bacon order in half. But the important thing about this diet is that you don't feel deprived, nor are you someone obviously and troublesomely on a diet—not when you can sit there with egg on your face!

Lunching in a restaurant, an ordeal for any dieter who is fed up with rabbit food, becomes a simple question of subtraction with this system. First, you subtract your nix-list from wallet or purse. Then you subtract the 22 forbidden foods on it from the menu's multiple choices. (This can be done surreptitiously, if you feel that this diet business is strictly your own.) Just be sure that you don't cheat by ordering something with gravy, for example. And your salads should be dressed with lemon juice or vinegar, and any seasonings you wish to use. No oils or mayonnaise.

As you read the roll call of the doctor's 22 no-goodies, you will probably find that some of your favorite fatteners are now yours to do without. But the point is that these are all foods that you don't need anyhow. And for extra vitamin insurance, the careful doctor adds to what he has taken away this positive pointer: "Drink six glasses of liquid a day, and be sure that your daily menus include a fresh fruit; a choice of either meat, fish or egg; and three vegetables."

This free-wheeling plan allows plenty of latitude to the lone dieter in a well-fed family. Any vegetables, even if they are prepared with butter, may be eaten. The butter on the list applies to table butter only, those extra dabs and pats that would ordinarily be piled on bread, rolls, crackers or baked potatoes.

As for meats, as long as you take

the flesh and let the gravy go, you're within bounds. Naturally, if you're aiming to trim your own fat, you'll sensibly trim the fat from the portion on your plate, too.

You can even go to dinner parties on this diet without breaking training or your hostess' feeding heart. Make her happy and take a chicken liver tidbit from the hors d'oeuvre tray, or a mushroom cap, or any of the raw vegetables. But *minus* the dip! And if you quietly by-pass potatoes or rice or noodles in favor of the *pièce de résistance,* the compliments to the chef will be adequately expressed.

Another reason why this "Eat Everything—But" diet is so comfortable is that you don't have to feel hungry while you're on it. If you *don't* eat the restricted foods, a little of which go a long way calorically, you can eat the remaining foods in satisfying bulk for the same caloric price. An ice cream sundae, or a sandwich made with butter or mayonnaise, is 450 calories each. For about the same calories you can live like a king on a bowl of vegetable beef soup, a small slice of roast beef, eight asparagus tips, a fresh pear with a wedge of Gruyère cheese, and black coffee.

Since the hundreds of foods left to choose from are relatively low calorie ones, you can safely fill up on them. The six glasses of liquid a day may include consommé and skimmed milk, both more filling and nutritious than water. And, most satisfactory of all, this realistic doctor permits his dieters one (count it—one) highball per day—or night.

The proof of this reverse approach to dieting are the patients who have tried it. Over the years it has been successfully used by people in public life, executives and government officials who would otherwise have found a diet harder to stick to than election promises. But this system, which is honored in the breach rather than the observance, gave them the necessary leeway for picking their way through banquets, fund-raising luncheons and official dinners, shedding pounds and charm along the way.

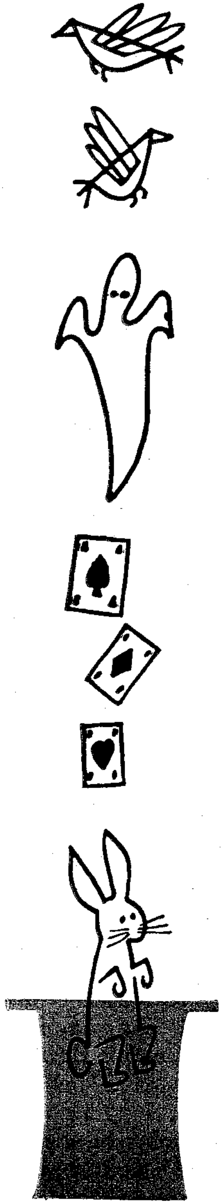
Remember, the master key to the success of this plan is not what you eat, but what you don't eat. As flexible as your menus may be, you must be rigidly inflexible when it comes to *The List.* No hanky-panky about "cutting down" on bread or cream or sugar. No miserable sneaking of a peanut or pretzel as you pass the bar. No cadging a taste of someone else's cake or pastry.

But if you can really abstain completely from these 22 foods for seven days, you will find yourself a good five pounds lighter. When that happy time arrives, don't toss the list into the nearest wastebasket. Keep on doin' what you're doin'—and *really* slim down. Nutritionally, you could do just fine without those 22 fatteners for the rest of your life, not that anyone expects you to be *that* Spartan about it.

And if you do go back on the eat-anything-that's-edible basis, squirrel away the little chart against the day when your scale begins to behave like a bull market.

Then, instead of going on a diet, just quietly reapply The Power of Negative Shrinking. ♛ ♛ ♛

Want to saw a girl in half or pull a bunny out of a hat? This wizard conjures up the props



Michigan's merchant of magic

by Hal Butler

ONCE A YEAR the most unusual convention in the world is held in a different Michigan town. From various corners of the globe, magicians gather to talk shop, out-amaze each other, and bamboozle the townspeople in a fascinating spree of hocus-pocus.

It is not unusual to see sleight-of-hand performed in restaurants, rabbits plucked out of hats in bars, or subjects stiffly hypnotized on street corners. Nor is it necessary to call the police just because a pretty young woman is being guillotined in the public square, or sawed in half on Main Street.

For nothing that appears to be happening is really happening.

Colon—where all the conventions were formerly held—is the Mecca of these practitioners of legerdemain because it is the home of one of the most unusual businesses on earth—Abbott's Magic Manufacturing Company, a factory devoted exclusively to the creation and manufacture of deception. It supplies all the great conjurers with the gadgets, gimmicks and gewgaws they need to perform their tricks and illusions, and has made Colon the Magic Capital of the World.

Abbott's is more than just a place where the mechanical devices of sorcery are manufactured. It is actually the wellspring of all that is new in the world of magic, and once a year its latest creations are exhibited to visiting magicians in a week-long convention called simply "Abbott's Magic Get-Together."

Know-how is needed to run a place like the House of Magic, and no one has more of it than its proprietor, Percy Abbott, himself a magician, and the son of a magician. Born in Australia, Abbott is today a dignified gray-thatched man who greatly resembles the late Bela Lugosi. He has spent 61 of his 71 years practicing the art of fooling the public, and is considered an outstanding authority on magic of all kinds.

Anything a magician's scheming heart desires is available at the House of Magic—from a small gimmick to a complete act. Often Abbott will give a magician an exclusive on an illusion made especially for him. But most tricks are sold over the counter to all magicians, and these Abbott describes as being "in magic's common domain."

More than 5,000 over-the-counter items are listed in the House of Magic's catalog, ranging in price from ten cents up to $1,500. They are purchased by everyone from the biggest pro to the smallest amateur—including an African witch doctor.

Abbott's factory—which is naturally not open to the public—occupies five buildings decorated with dancing skeletons, grinning skulls and tiny ghosts. It includes various departments devoted to sewing, art, silk-screening, plastics, woodwork and metalwork. There is even a blacksmith shop.

About 25 people work the year round in this house of hocus-pocus. In the sense that they must know how a trick works before they can produce it, they are all magicians. And probably no group of employees outside of hydrogen bomb researchers are more tight-mouthed about their work.

In 1923, after many years of practicing magic all over the world, Abbott came to Colon on a fishing trip. Here he met the young lady who became Mrs. Abbott. The magician worked his new wife into his vaudeville act and for awhile they traveled. But when their first baby was born, they settled down permanently in Colon.

The lure of magic was still in Abbott's blood and he kept experimenting with new deceptions. Finally he decided to go into the business of manufacturing tricks, and the House of Magic was born. With a partner named Recil Bordner, Abbott has expanded the operation until, today, it does a yearly business in six figures.

ABBOTT's magic factory produces all the old tried-and-proven tricks. His Head-Leg Dissecto, for instance, is a take-off on the Decapitation Trick which is described in an Egyptian papyrus as having been performed before King Khufu in 2877 B.C.

The Saw-the-Woman-in-Half Illusion, introduced by a magician named Horace Golden in 1921, required a bulky cabinet into which the woman to be dissected was placed. Sawing a woman in half without using the shielding cabinet seemed an impossibility. But Abbott figured a way, and now sells an illusion that includes only a plain board on which the subject is placed, a hinged stock to fit over her body, and a saw.

So perfect is this illusion that it is possible for the magician to select a woman from the audience, place her on the board, and apparently saw her in half. Spectators can see and hear the saw bite through the board of the stocks until it has apparently passed completely through her body. No cover for the subject is necessary. Price $47.50.

Many of Abbott's tricks are brand new. He gets his ideas for them from browsing through dime stores, watching TV commercials, and even from current events. Another important factor in making his hocus-pocus house a success was his creation of the "small illusion"—a giant step forward in the art of magic.

The old-time magician used to haul his gear around in a boxcar or truck, and most illusions were cumbersome and expensive. Abbott developed simplified ways of doing the tricks, made use of light-weight materials such as plastics and aluminum —thus today some of the best illusions can be carried in a suitcase.

Abbott is the first to admit, however, that much of an illusion's effectiveness depends on the ingenuity and cleverness of the magician—and his assistants. Illusions by which people or large objects are made to vanish are done mechanically, but it is up to the magician to divert the attention of the audience away from the mechanics. He does this by giving importance to something that has no importance, while the all-important mechanical part of the illusion goes on in the audience's blind-spot.

For example, if you sneaked behind the curtains you might find a girl assistant hiding behind a box on the stage. Two male assistants are on hand to tip the box so that the audience can see it is empty. Unknown to spectators, the real reason for the male assistants appearing on the stage is not the box-tipping at all—it is to momentarily hide the girl from view while the tipping is going on. This, of course, requires split-second timing.

While his assistants are going through their maneuvers, the magician is ingeniously leading the audience to put a wrong interpretation on everything that occurs. A good magician is the greatest staller in the world. He will find many non-essential things to do, such as adjusting a curtain, turning a cabinet around, tucking in a drape. And while you are watching these things for clues to how he does his tricks, girls are crawling into secret compartments, slipping through slit curtains, dropping through trap doors, and generally changing places under the most momentary concealments.

The old rabbit-out-of-the-hat illusion will illustrate this type of skulduggery. Obviously, in order to take a rabbit from a hat the conjurer must first put a rabbit *in* the hat. This can be done in several ways, all based on two lines of action. One line is a series of movements that puts the rabbit in the hat unseen by the audience. The other line, performed simultaneously, is a series of movements which has nothing to do with the trick but which diverts the audience's attention from the first line.

In turning the hat over to show the audience it is empty, for instance, a glove falls out. The magician immediately stoops to pick up the glove. In that brief moment the hat is brought close to the magician's body and the rabbit is transferred to the hat from a secret pocket in the magician's cape. This takes clever manipulation, because the transfer of the bunny must be made in the split-second when the audience's attention has been diverted by the act of retrieving the glove.

Knowing this, however, will get you nowhere. Probably the next magician you see won't use the dropped glove gimmick at all. He'll do something else to divert your attention—and succeed at it, too.

Curiously, not all orders received by Abbott's House of Magic come from magicians. A few months ago, a soap firm wanted a stimulator for their sales meetings, something that would grow as the instructor talked about growth in sales opportunities.

Abbott created a flower pot with a hidden mechanism so timed that a green shrub made its appearance as the speaker began to talk, and continued to grow at proper intervals during the speech. At the end, as the speaker made his most telling point, the shrub burst into a spectacular display of flowers.

Individual non-magicians like to get into the act, too. There is a clergyman, for example, who does feats of magic along with his Sunday school lessons. A portrait photographer uses magic to put his subjects at ease before shooting. A dentist does tricks to amuse the small fry during drilling operations, and a doctor teaches coin-manipulation tricks to patients with hand injuries.

Do magicians jealously guard their tricks from other magicians? To some extent, yes—but Abbott says that magicians seldom carry their secrets to the grave any more.

"There are certain fundamentals on which all deceptions are based," he explains. "If I were to see a completely new trick for the first time, I could come back to the shop and analyze how it was done—then create the equipment to do it. The basic principles are so well-known in magic circles today that dying magicians just can't take it with them any more."

IN MARCH CORONET

AID-IN-TIME FOR TAXPAYERS

Here are some big income tax tips for little taxpayers. You can save yourself money by learning the legal ins-and-outs in time to put them into practice.

CATHOLICS AND PSYCHIATRY

How do Catholics really feel about psychiatry? A searching article compares the confessional box to the analyst's couch—and dispels some current misconceptions.

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High in the wild hills of Cuba, Fidel Castro wages war against Dictator Batista. Here is a reporter's full story of that struggle—and for the first time in his own words—Castro's idealistic blueprint for liberty

A VISIT WITH a revolutionary

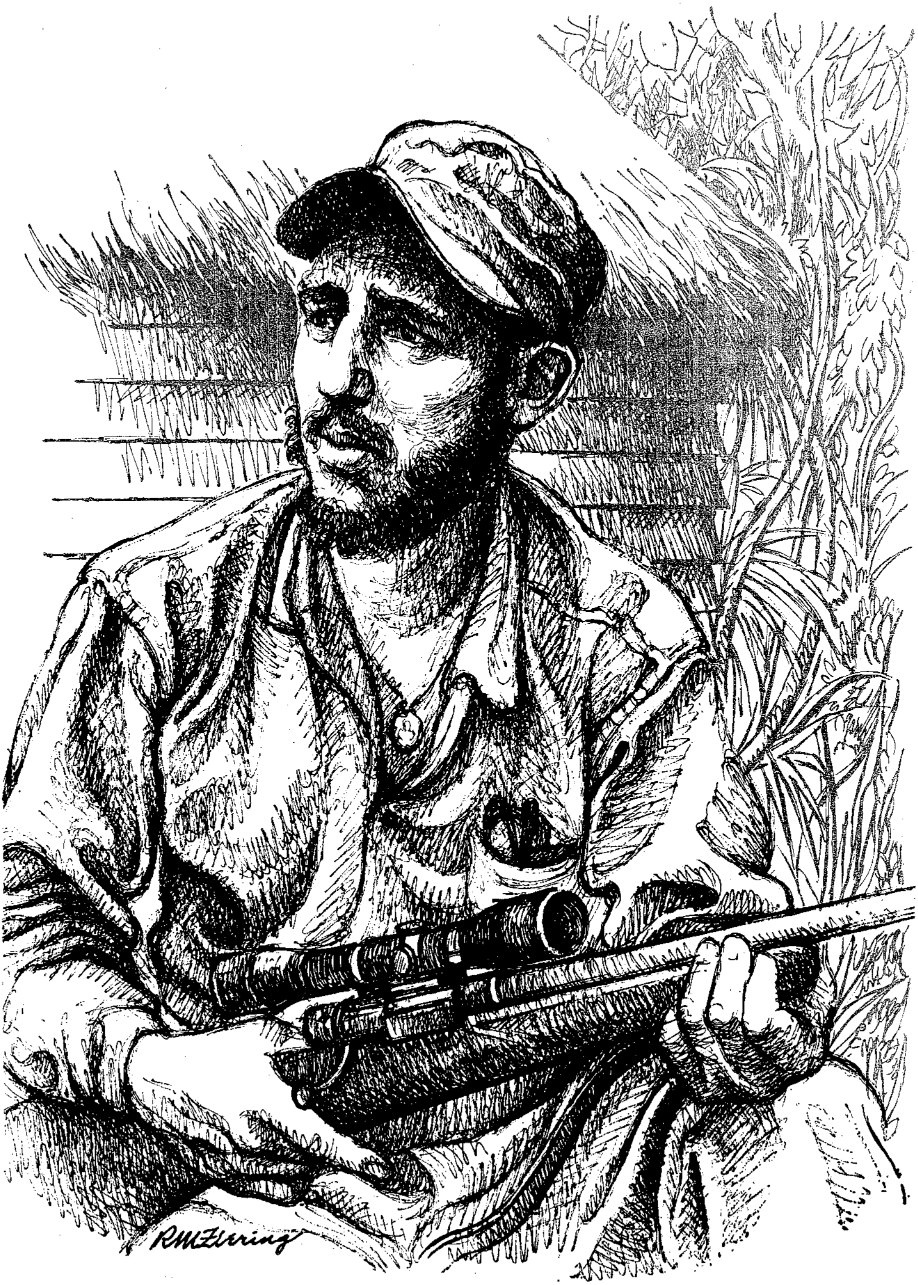
by Andrew St. George

At the Havana airport, in the hotel lobby, in the train terminal, there are the gun-bulging plainclothesmen, their marbled moist eyes following you silently. Out in the country, in the town squares, the village crossroads, there are the khaki-clad gendarmes of the *Guardia Rural* with their machetes and swinging, long-nosed pistols. Covering every strategic spot, there are the stiff-faced army troopers, their tommy guns tensely cocked, their orders: "Shoot on suspicion."

This is the gauntlet I had to run in order to get to Fidel Castro, the rebel leader of Cuba's civil war. For, to establish direct communication between Castro and the outside world, CORONET had sent me to Cuba with an assignment to bring back Castro's own statement on the goals and plans of his fighting movement.

Yet no blockade is impregnable. As dusk was falling over the jungle-thatched mountains of Eastern Cuba recently, I picked my way down a palm and sea-grape dotted ridge called *Los Cocos* to meet Castro in front of a native hut, his headquarters for the day.

On this day, Castro was a free man and a triumphant one. Around him, the campfires of his army flickered warmly. With this rebel army, now over a thousand strong, Castro rules a "liberated zone" of 1,500 square miles populated by 50,000 civilians. His soldiers are well armed—mostly with U.S. weapons captured from Cuban government troops—their morale is high, their guerrilla tactics well learned. And, above all, Fidel Castro's name has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become a lodestar of hope throughout restless Latin America.

THE WORLD has known few revolutionary leaders quite like Fidel Castro. In Cuba, thousands of staid, solid middle-class citizens work for him at the risk of their lives. One newspaper recently estimated that 90 per cent of the Cuban population supports Castro. The government of Cuba's dictator Fulgencio Batista has often claimed that the revolutionists are crypto-Communists; yet when newly appointed U.S. Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith was asked, on the occasion of his first press conference in Havana last summer, whether the U.S. State Department had seen any proof of Castro's alleged Communist connections, Ambassador Smith answered firmly that the U. S. had no such evidence.

Fidel Castro, the son of a vast, vigorous, wealthy landowning family rooted in Cuba's lush Oriente province, was born 31 years ago on the family estate. He received the customary education of a rich cane-planter's son: high school under the Jesuit fathers, then Havana University and the law. Though politically active among his restless, reform-hungry fellow students, he found time to qualify for not one, but three, degrees: law, international law and social sciences.

"Before exams," recalls one of Castro's former fellow-students, "Fidel would prop himself up with a textbook and go through it carefully—once. When he got to the bottom of a page, he'd tear it out and toss it into the wastebasket. 'We won't need this any more,' he'd mutter. He had a near-photographic memory that never let him down."

As a young lawyer, Castro gained quick and unexpected fame in Havana by specializing in low-fee cases defending the everyday sort of people who have been long abused in Cuba. The year was 1951; President Carlos Prío Socarrás' corruption-ridden regime was in its final decline, and all Cuba was wide open. A landlord bribed a building inspector to get his tenements condemned. He then dispossessed all his tenants, and readmitted them to their wretched warrens at double the former rent. Castro took the tenants' case and won a reduction of rents. A government land agency tried to expropriate 500 small plot owners at half the appropriated indemnity, planning to pocket the other half of the money; Castro signed up all 500 at a nominal fee, took the government to court and forced it to fork over the proper compensation.

Castro still recalls those ebullient early days with relish. "The landlords," he told a visitor recently, "used to scream: 'What? These miserable people can afford a *lawyer* now?' And I would shout back at them, 'Yes, these miserable people can afford a lawyer—me!' "

As the fervently awaited general elections of 1952 approached, Castro found himself a congressional candidate. He made a top-notch campaigner—a tall, forceful young orator with a dignified Roman face and great personal magnetism—and he attracted enthusiastic attention far beyond the limits of his electoral district. However, on March 10,

In an orgy of sadism and revenge, Batista's henchmen coldly murdered 60 of the rebels captured in the abortive raid on Fort Moncado

1952, General Batista, noting that the citizenry tended to view him as the most expendable among the presidential candidates, decided to substitute bullets for ballots. He called out his troops, sent President Prío packing, and announced that the elections were off; strict military rule was on.

The soldiers cared little for speeches. Castro found that the national emergency called for stiffer measures. He collected over a hundred hidden weapons—mostly shotguns and .22 repeaters—rallied a band of 120 youths, and launched a dawn attack against Fort Moncada Barracks, the principal army installation in Oriente. By seizing the fort, Castro hoped to trigger a general uprising in Oriente, Cuba's biggest, wealthiest and most independent-minded province, which has been compared often, in spirit if not in size, to Texas.

The raid failed. Castro and his companions were captured and over 60 of them were killed by the army in an orgy of sadism and revenge—mostly by castration. Castro himself was put on trial with his 19-year-old brother, Raúl. Acting as defense counsel for himself and his young brother, Castro delivered a fiery, unrepentant summation against tyranny that became a Latin American political classic. The court responded with a 15-year prison sentence for Castro and Raúl.

In May, 1955, both Castro brothers were released in the course of a general political amnesty. They chose exile instead of submission, went to New York and began rallying Cuban exiles. To commemorate their companions who had died in the Moncada raid, they named themselves the 26th of July Movement—July 26, 1953, having been the day of the ill-fated assault. Contributions began to roll in.

Early in 1956, Castro moved 100 of his hardiest men to Mexico. He recruited combat-wise instructors (said to include some U. S. veterans of Korea) who trained his troops in mountain warfare on lonely hillside farms. A wooden, smoke-grey yacht named the *Gramma* was purchased, and at dawn on December 2, 1956, Castro, rifle in hand, debarked at the head of his small "citizens' army" on the southeastern coast of Oriente.

"The sea trip," says Castro, "took eight days. Everything that could go wrong did go wrong. The ship sprang a leak, the bilge pump went lame, the radio went deaf and dumb. One of our two diesels gave out. Off the Cuban coast, we ran into a gunboat and got shelled. The gunboat radioed for bombers and they came over, missing us by less than five minutes. Ashore, we ran into an army ambush. We had to retreat deep into the mountains. But none of it mattered. We were home, we were free, and wherever we went, freedom went with us. And the hope of freedom, spreading among the people, brought us all the volunteers, all the help, all the supplies we needed to survive."

UNABLE to kill Castro or to check the tidal rise of his popularity, General Batista has fought back with the flailing ferocity which overcomes declining dictators. Drawing recruits from wherever he could find them — Cuba's reformatories are said to be empty—he doubled the size of his army within a year and flung a khaki curtain of troops, now 14,000 strong, around the Sierra Maestra occupied by Castro's rebels. Colonel Ugalde Carillo, concentration camp commandant, whose sadistic outrages against political prisoners have been the whispered horror of Cuba for years, was placed in charge of this task force.

Other officers with markedly similar inclinations took over as security chiefs in rebellious towns. I have heard a U. S. official's nightmarish description of his encounter with Colonel José Maria Salas Canizares, police commandant of Santiago de Cuba, shortly after the colonel had riddled a suspicious car with his submachinegun at a roadblock, killing its four occupants. "The man was drooling," said the American. "He was skipping around, chattering excitedly, wholly out of control. He was having a ball."

The reign of terror, the nightly murders, the iron censorship did accomplish one thing: curtaining off Cuba from international scrutiny. They also cut off Castro from the rest of Cuba. Today, the 26th of July Movement has thousands of members and followers who have never even seen or heard the man whom they call leader.

Having been in Cuba before—and having written some articles about it which dangerously displeased General Batista—I knew I was a marked man when I set out to meet Castro. I had to begin by disguising my identity in order to avoid the secret police tail which is hung on probing foreign journalists.

There was the question of equipment. In addition to film, cameras and recording equipment, I had to get past customs a pair of stout alpine shoes, a waterproof foul-weather suit, and other accouterments for a mountain-climbing expedition. The problem was finally solved by stuffing all such items into a pair of expensive golf bags which fairly screamed "tourist!" I got through Havana airport without arousing suspicion.

Fortunately, Castro's underground organization has been developed to the point of perfection. My equipment was broken down into small packages concealed in spare tires, secret under-the-chassis compartments and in some other ingenious hiding places of two brand-new sedans. I was taken in tow by a "contact man," of the Movement, a short, broad, smiling engineering student who shepherded me down to Santiago.

In Santiago, a team of guides was waiting, headed by Felipe Guerra-Matos, Castro's chief blockade runner. We donned coveralls, cloth caps, gloves. We were ostensibly going "crop-dusting." A small farm truck picked us up, dodged innocently through the rumbling military traffic, and dropped us again deep among the green rice fields. A jeep was pulled up by the roadside, its engine running; we swung aboard and darted along a back road to a small rice farm. We sat down in a bedroom, drank Criollo café and waited while my equipment arrived in several installments.

Ahead of us, of course, stretched the worst part—the forbidden area known as "the zone of death" where the jumpy army patrols had orders to shoot at sight.

We left the farmhouse and began crossing the prohibited zone at four in the afternoon. We bounced along in a pair of jeeps for an hour and a half, Guerra-Matos riding in front, a .38 automatic dangling from his right hand. Suddenly the lead vehicle swerved sharply and stopped. We were at the jump-off point. From here on, we did it on foot—straight up the mountainside, and through the thick of the jungle.

The next time we sat down was exactly 14 hours later. At 9 A.M. we were at a farm hut 3,000 feet above sea level. I remembered little about my walk in the dark except for the burning orange blur of exhaustion before my eyes and the incredibly voluptuous feeling of finally taking the load off my mangled feet. But we had made it.

Three days later, I arrived at Castro's camp. I spent four weeks trekking through the Sierra with the rebel commander, where in snatches he alternately wrote and dictated the message to CORONET's readers that appears with this article.

Of all wars, civil wars are the cruelest, guerrilla wars are the toughest, mountain wars are the most exhausting, and jungle wars the most dangerous. Castro's rebel army is fighting all four at once. Since their trackless forest routes will admit no transport, sometimes not even a mule, the men endure tremendous hardships; they have no tents, no regular changes of clothing, no supplies of any kind which they cannot carry themselves. They sleep in hammocks strung precariously from steep hillsides, eat rice, beans and an occasional chunk of pork from black horsebuckets. They are, without question, among the world's toughest troops.

Having found out as much, the Cuban Army has prudently withdrawn from the vast Sierra Maestra range, leaving the rebels wholly to themselves. The rebels, for their part, make sorties far out into the plains around the towns. During my stay with Castro, I accompanied a combat patrol of 40 men on a night mission which took us ten miles out of the mountains and within hailing distance of a large city, Manzanillo. The rebels ambushed a truckload of Army soldiers, killed four of them in the first exchange of gunfire and wounded eight or nine others. Such commando raids have become daily operations for the cocky, confident Fidelistas.

When my time came to leave, Felipe Guerra-Matos, probably the best mountain guide this side of Everest, took me out much as he brought me in.

The big question still remains: what's going to happen to Castro —and Cuba?

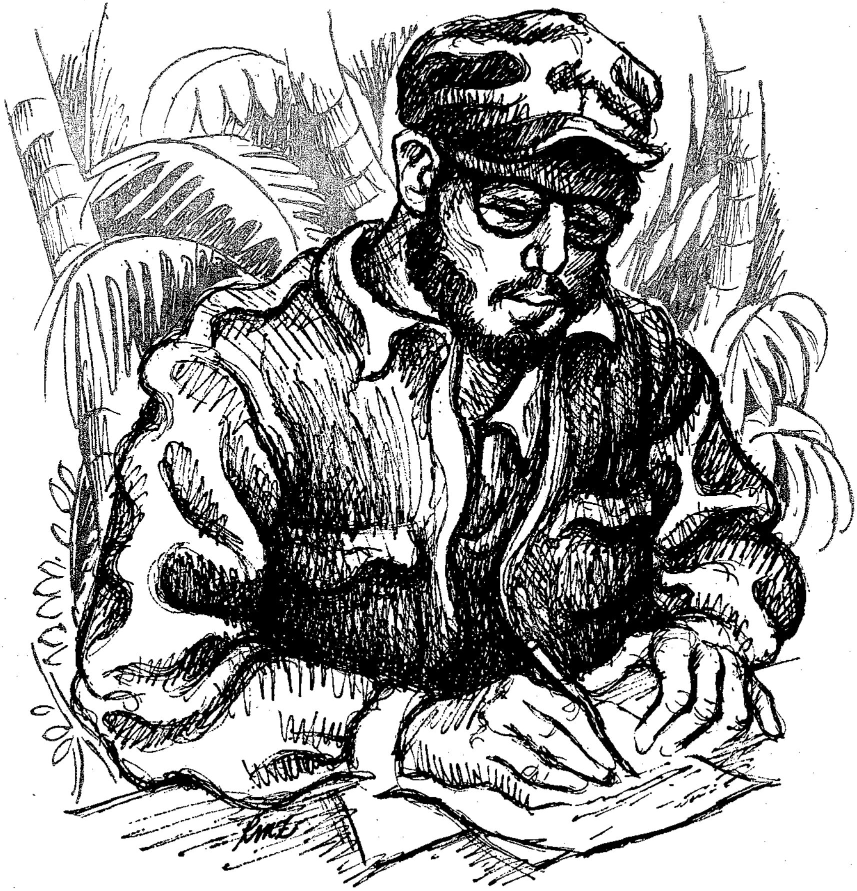
"We need Castro because we need a change," a wealthy Cuban told me in the privacy of his palatial Santiago home. "And we will never change from corruption, lethargy and military brutality unless we have a leader—and Castro is the only leader we have. Maybe Cuba is not very important. But remember, Castro has done what the middle classes, the intellectuals, the young people have been waiting for, all the way from Venezuela to Argentina—he has defied the military might of a dictator, and he has won his gamble. He has won it if he does nothing but stay alive. His name is a byword, his fight is a challenging example to millions of Latins. Today, they are silent, these millions, smothered under one military dictator or another. But tomorrow? Tomorrow, my friend, belongs to the people."

"Why we fight"

by FIDEL CASTRO

AS THIS IS WRITTEN, our armed campaign on Cuban soil against Cuba's dictatorial regime is entering its second year. Though it has been given many meanings and many interpretations, it is essentially a political struggle. In this struggle, we have sustained few reverses and a good many victories, while dictator Batista can point to a single successful achievement: he has effectively muzzled all public communications in our country, silenced TV, radio and the press, and so intimidated our news publishers that not a single Cuban reporter has ever been assigned to *our* side of what is, in effect, a spreading civil war.

One of the unexpected results of this iron censorship, augmented by a military blockade around the combat zone, has been that our program—the aims, plans and aspirations of the 26th of July Movement—has never been published or explained adequately. In obtaining and publishing this exclusive article—the only first-person story written by me since we landed in Cuba on



December 2, 1956—CORONET Magazine has given us the opportunity to state our aims and to correct the many errors and distortions circulating about our revolutionary struggle.

Though dictatorship, ignorance, military rule and police oppression have spawned a great many evils among our people, all these evils have a common root: the lack of liberty. The single word most expressive of our aim and spirit is simply—freedom. First of all and most of all, we are fighting to do away with dictatorship in Cuba and to establish the foundations of genuine representative government.

To attain this, we intend to eject from office Fulgencio Batista and all his cabinet officers; to place them under arrest and impeach them before special revolutionary tribunals. To replace the unconstitutional Batista regime, we will aid in setting up a provisional government to be nominated by a special convention made up of the delegates of our various civic organizations: Lions, Rotarians, professional bodies such as the physicians' or engineers' guilds, religious associations, and so forth. This will be a break with established procedure, but we feel certain that it will prove workable. Once appointed, the provisional government's chief task will be to prepare and conduct truly honest general elections within twelve months.

The question has presented itself whether I aspire to the presidential office of this provisional government or the elected government which will succeed it. The truth is that, quite apart from my personal reluctance to enter the presidential competition so soon, our Constitution, as it now stands, would prohibit it. Under its age requirement clause, I am, at 31, far too young to be eligible for the presidency, and will remain so for another ten years.

We do have, however, a number of program points which might serve as a basis for action by the provisional government. They are the following:

(1) Immediate freedom for all political prisoners, civil as well as military. Although the outside world knows little about it, Batista has imprisoned dozens of officers and hundreds of enlisted men from his own armed forces who have shown revulsion or resistance to his bloody suppression of

"We want to wipe out illiteracy, corruption in public life . . . thieving tax collectors and rapacious army bosses"

political discontent.

(2) Full and untrammeled freedom of public information for all communication media—broadcasting, TV, the daily and periodical press. Arbitrary censorship and systematic corruption of journalists has long been one of the festering sores of our nation.

(3) We want to re-establish for all citizens the personal and political rights set forth in our much-ignored Constitution.

(4) We want to wipe out corruption in Cuban public life. Those who have grown accustomed over the years to dealing with venal policemen, thieving tax collectors, rapacious army bosses here in Cuba may think this an optimistic resolution. But we intend to attack this problem at its very roots, by creating a career civil service beyond the reach of politics and nepotism and by making sure that our career functionaries get paid enough to be able to live without having to accept bribes.

(5) We want to sponsor an intensive campaign against illiteracy. Though no one knows the exact number of our illiterates, they run into the hundreds of thousands, perhaps even up to a million. Our farm children get little schooling at best; many of them get none at all. Hundreds of thousands of small farmers feed their families on roots and rice, simply because no one has ever taught them how to grow tomatoes, lettuce or corn. No one has ever shown them how to utilize water. No one has ever told them how to choose a wholesome diet or how to protect their health.

(6) We are in favor of land reform bills adjusting the uncertain owner-tenant relations that are a peculiar blight of

rural Cuba. Hundreds of thousands of small farmers occupy parcels which they do not own under the law. Thousands of absentee owners claim title to properties they've hardly ever seen. The titles, in fact, have been seen by no one and it is often impossible to establish who actually owns a particular property. We feel that in settling the question of legal ownership, preferential treatment should be given to those who actually occupy and cultivate the land. We will support no land reform bill, however, which does not provide for the just compensation of expropriated owners.

(7) Finally, we support speedy industrialization of our national economy and the raising of employment levels.

Apart from political misconceptions about my own ambitions and those of our movement—we have been often accused of plotting to replace military dictatorship with revolutionary dictatorship—nothing has been so frequently misunderstood as our economic program. Various influential U.S. publications have identified me as a tool of big business, as a dangerous radical, and as a narrow reactionary manipulated by the clergy. U.S. companies with business interests in Cuba have been repeatedly warned that I have secret plans in my pocket for seizing all foreign holdings.

Let me say for the record that we have no plans for the expropriation or nationalization of foreign investments here. True, the extension of government ownership to certain public utilities—some of them, such as the power companies, U.S.-owned—was a point of our earliest programs; but we have currently suspended all planning on this matter. I personally have come to feel that nationalization is, at best, a

"A million unemployed bespeaks a terrible economic sickness which must be cured . . . lest it fester into communism"

cumbersome instrument. It does not seem to make the state any stronger, yet it enfeebles private enterprise. Even more importantly, any attempt at wholesale nationalization would obviously hamper the principal point of our economic platform—industrialization at the fastest possible rate. For this purpose, foreign investments will always be welcome and secure here.

Industrialization is at the heart of our economic progress. Something must be done about the staggering mass of over one million unemployed who cannot find jobs during eight months out of twelve. They can hope to work only during the four months of the cane harvest. A million unemployed in a nation of six million bespeaks a terrible economic sickness which must be cured without delay, lest it fester and become a breeding ground for Communism.

Fortunately, improvement is by no means as difficult as Cuba's present rulers would lead us to believe. Our country is rich in natural resources. What we need is an adequate canning industry to utilize our superb fruit crops; expanded industrial facilities for the processing of sugar and its important by-products; expanded consumer industries for the production of light metal, leather, paper and textile goods which would go far towards improving our trade balance; and the beginnings of a long-range cargo fleet.

The state would not need to resort to expropriation to take a guiding part in such economic developments. By reforming its tax collection system which now consists of paying off the revenue collector instead of paying the state, it could increase its budget many times and turn its attention to the sorely needed extension of our road network.

And with rising living standards and growing confidence in government will come rapid progress toward political stability under a representative, truly democratic government. That, ultimately, is what we are fighting for.

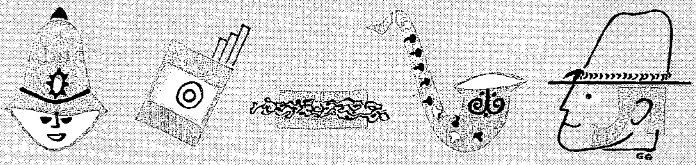
As long as we are forced to fight, however, our constructive projects must wait. Our immediate task is something entirely different: it is the burning of Cuba's entire sugar cane crop. It was a terrible decision, and now that we are about to carry it out, it is a terrible job. Sugar cane is Cuba's principal source of revenue; it contributes about one-third of the total national income and employs two-fifths of the labor force. Half of our farm income is dependent on sugar. Yet it is the very importance of the cane crop that compels us to destroy it.

If the cane goes up in flames, the army will grind to a standstill; the police will have to disband, for none of them will get paid; and the Batista regime will have to capitulate. What's more, we will gain this decisive victory with comparatively little bloodshed by expending this year's crop.

I well know the heavy personal losses involved. My family has sizable cane holdings here in Oriente, and my instructions to our clandestine action groups state clearly that our crop must be the first one to burn, as an example to the rest of the nation. Only one thing can save the cane, and that is Batista's surrender.

But even if the crop will have to burn down to the last single cane, the flames will set fire to the dictatorship which weighs so heavily on us now. Once the tyranny has gone up in smoke, we will see the way to a decent, democratic future.

Names that live



Everyday, says Guest Quizmistress Gisele MacKenzie, we use words adapted from the names of famous people. Below, the star of the "Gisele MacKenzie Show" (NBC-TV, Saturdays, 9:30 p.m., EST) lists definitions of these words, as well as first names and clues about the notables. Can you supply the last names —*and* the words? (Answers on page 118)

1. **Raincoat:** Charles ...Slicker............, inventor of waterproofed cloth.
2. **Capital-punishment machine:** Joseph .guillotine......, French physician.
3. **Musical instrument:** Adolphe ..Saxophone...., Belgian instrument maker.
4. **Ladies' undergarment:** Mrs. Amelia .GIRDLE ✓....., suffragette leader.
5. **Fifth columnist:** Vidkun ....✓, Norwegian traitor.
6. **Put to death by mob:** Charles Lynch........, Virginia justice of the peace.
7. **Chemical in tobacco:** Jean .NICOTINE.........., introduced tobacco to France.
8. **Exaggerated patriotism:** Nicholas ....✓., Napoleonic soldier-admirer.
9. **Type of road:** John L. ..MACADAM..........................., Scottish engineer.
10. **Printing using raised dots:** Louis ..BRAILLE............, introduced it in 1829.
11. **Unit of electromotive force:** Alessandro ....✓........, Italian physicist.
12. **Refrain from buying:** Charles ....✓...., Irish land agent.
13. **Hypnotize:** Franz ....✓...., German physician.
14. **To coat with zinc:** Luigi ...., 18th century Italian physiologist.
15. **Male facial decoration:** Ambrose ..Beard.......✓...., Civil War general.
16. **Shell that explodes in flight:** Gen. .GRENADE ✓........, English inventor.
17. **Photographic process:** Louis ...., French inventor (1789-1851).
18. **Nut confection:** Marshall du Plessis-...................... His chef created it.
19. **Gourmet:** ....✓...., Greek philosopher.
20. **Type of ladies' collar:** ....✓, Charlemagne's mother.
21. **Internal-combustion engine:** Rudolf ....✓........, German inventor.
22. **Kind of love:** ...PLATONIC..........................., ancient philosopher.
23. **British policeman:** Sir ...Bobby..................., Peel, English statesman.
24. **Single-piece bed jacket:** Florence .Nightingale..., English hospital reformer.
25. **Two-wheeled covered vehicle:** Joseph ..Surry.....✓..., English architect.
26. **A small harpsichord:** Giovanni ....✓..., Venetian inventor.
27. **Snack eaten with hands:** The Earl of Sandwich..., Islands bear name too.
28. **Christmas plant:** Joel R. ..Poinsettia......., first American minister to Mexico.

BEWARE THE TAX REFUND RACKET

By overloading your deductions, phony advisers often pick your pocket while pretending to fatten your bank roll

by Joel Berg

IN BARS, DRUGSTORES, barber shops and assorted stands along Main Street the same signs are appearing again this year: "Your Income Tax Prepared by Tax Expert."

Just how expert is the "expert" and how safe his "report"?

"My fee is 10 percent of whatever refund I get you," one such told me glibly. "If I don't get anything back, you don't owe me a dime. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

I told him my income and the names of my dependents. He filled in the rest of the tax form himself.

"You've got a kind face, so I'm figuring $400 in charitable contributions," he said. "About $1,000 ought to be the right amount for medical expenses."

He continued down the column of deductions and finished in 15 minutes. It showed a $250 tax refund due me.

"That'll be $25," he said. "It's 10 percent of what I saved you. Fair enough?"

That tax return, if I had actually filed it, might very well have brought me a $250 tax refund. It might also have brought me—in a postage-free envelope—a polite but unwelcome invitation to visit the local office of the Internal Revenue Service.

There, I might have been asked to explain that $140 deduction for state gasoline taxes, enough gas to drive around the world three times; the $117 cigarette tax deduction, about four packs a day for the entire year; the dependency claim for an "Aunt Jane" the "consultant" picked out of the air; and other choice items of tax fraud in the return.

"Any man who guarantees a tax refund without knowing your income, the number of your dependents, and the amount of your deductions can't possibly be honest," declares Internal Revenue Commissioner Russell C. Harrington. "Often the only way he can make good his promise is to recommend outright fraud."

Between now and April 15, some 60,000,000 Americans will make their annual accounting to the federal Government. Under our system of pay-as-you-go, there will always be some entitled to a refund. A tax advisor's job is to make that refund just as large as he legally can. The deductions and exemptions were put into the law to be used.

Many a bookkeeper, schoolteacher or clerk has taken time to study the income tax laws and can do a competent job of filling out personal-income-tax forms. "We welcome that kind of help," says Commissioner Harrington. But some have tried to build their practice by winning exorbitant tax refunds for their clients, without being too particular about how they did it.

On the advice of one New York accountant, a tailor and a switchboard operator claimed deductions for traveling expenses, a stenographer for "work clothes and tools," people without cars claimed deductions for gasoline taxes and repair bills, others said they spent more on sales-taxed goods than they earned during the year.

Towards the end of his practice, just before he won three tax-free years in federal prison, business was so good that the accountant had to issue number tags, supermarket style, to keep his clients in order.

A Philadelphia man, to meet the rising demand for his services, put his practice on an assembly-line basis. First an interviewer spoke to each taxpayer to learn his name, income, church, the name of his doctor, finance company and whether he owned a car; and then had him sign a blank tax-return form. Then the operator took the material, decided on the amount of refund, and worked backwards to figure out the deductions. He then passed the material on to a battery of stenographers who typed the forms up and mailed them.

Once a refund artist has been detected, the Internal Revenue Service combs the thousands of returns he has handled. In nearly every case the taxpayer has to pay up sums ranging from a few hundred to several thousand dollars. Where the Service finds a willful attempt to evade taxes, it levies an additional 50 percent penalty for fraud.

"The real victim of these refund artists is not the Government but the taxpayer," Commissioner Harrington says. "Any consultant who would deliberately cheat the Government would just as readily cheat his own clients."

Many ways of doing this have come to light. A Chicago man, operating out of the front of a tailor shop, won some handsome refunds for his clients. But, before mailing in the returns, he inserted his own address on the form. When the refund checks arrived, he forged his clients' signatures and cashed them.

A consultant in a far western state had his clients sign a blank form and pay directly to him the extra tax due and the fee. After a man paid him $200 for taxes and $10 for his fee, he altered the return before submitting it. The Government got the $10 and the consultant, the $200. The accountant went to jail, but his innocent clients had to make good the money he stole—with interest!

"The cruelest part of this swindle," a Revenue Service agent explains, "is that many taxpayers would save as much or more legitimately if they went to a competent tax advisor. In Los Angeles, a refund artist swept through a return, listing half a dozen phony deductions, and came up with a refund of $76.20. When the return was audited, the agent found that a perfectly legitimate bad debt deduction of $1,500 had not been claimed, something any competent advisor would have asked about. Instead of a fraudulent $76.20, the taxpayer was actually entitled to a refund of $167.

"We know that some people who go to these refund artists are trying to cut corners, and get exactly the kind of return they want," one agent states. "But many honestly don't know what the law requires. They assume the consultant is an expert, sign a blank return, and blindly take his word on any item he includes. Many times they find we are after them for costly adjustments they do not know a thing about."

The Internal Revenue Service urges people to fill out their own tax returns where they can. Those earning less than $5,000 in wages can use the special card form 1040A, and have the Internal Revenue Service figure out their tax.

On the longer tax return forms, if you have any questions you can visit or phone your local Revenue office for help. Under the Treasury Department's self-help program, you can fill out your return at the Internal Revenue office in a small group of other taxpayers, with a Revenue agent standing by to give help where needed. Last year the Service answered questions for 11,000,000 bewildered taxpayers.

If you wish the services of a tax advisor, your bank, Chamber of Commerce or local Better Business Bureau can refer you to a reputable practitioner. Internal Revenue officials recommend these precautions in dealing with an advisor you don't know:

1) Never sign a blank tax return form, or one with entries in pencil.

2) Check your own tax return, know what's in it, and get a duplicate copy to save.

3) Be sure your tax advisor signs the form in the space provided at the foot of page 1. Reputable advisors will do so automatically, the phonies often do not.

4) Make all checks payable to the Internal Revenue Service, never to the tax advisor.

The responsibility for the accuracy of your return rests squarely with you, no matter who helped prepare it. When the return is audited, long after the refund artist has folded his bridge table and departed, you must answer for any errors that were made.

More Truth Than Poetry

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY is proving that some parents just are not getting at the seat of the problem.

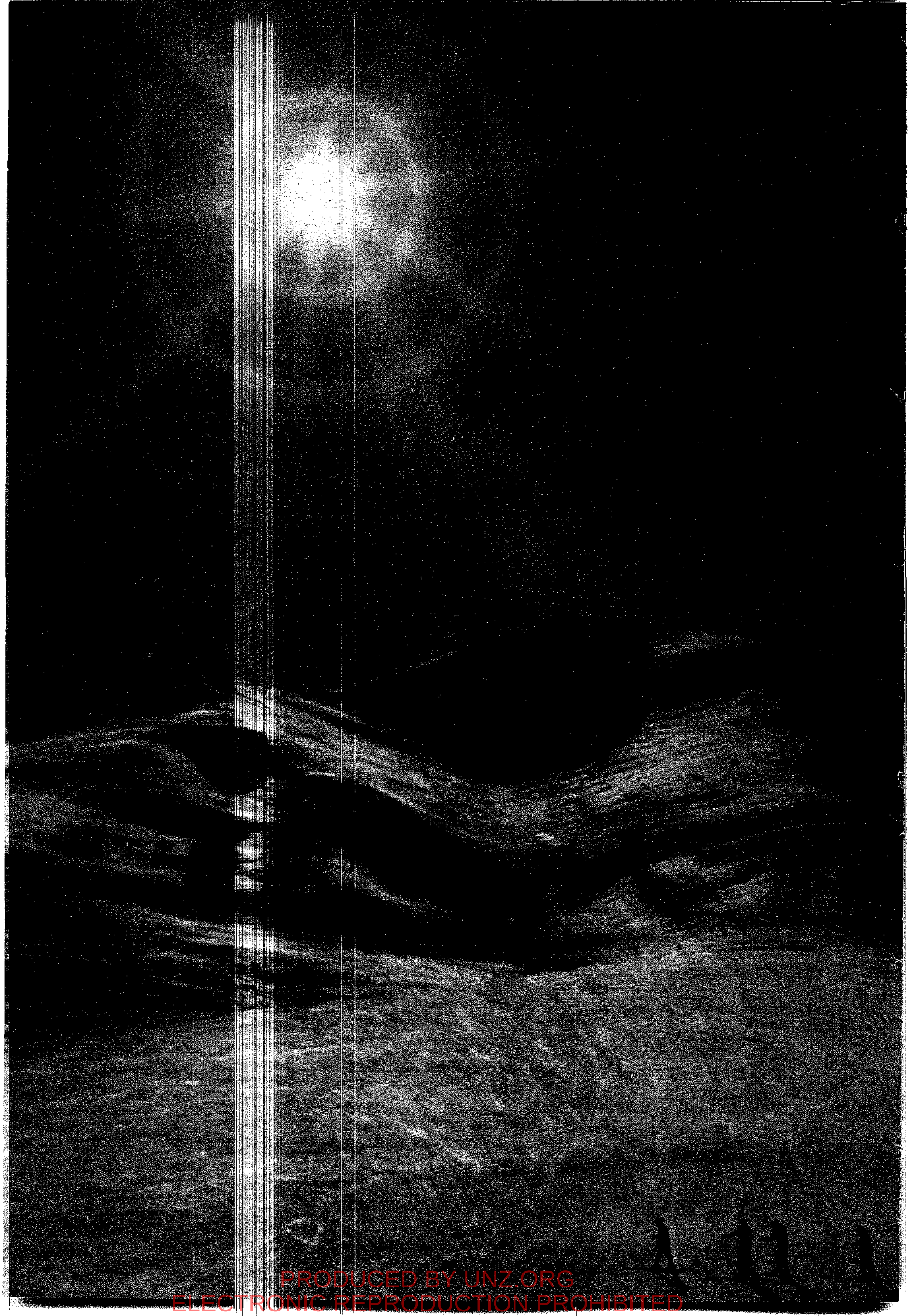
—KENNETH J. SHIVELY

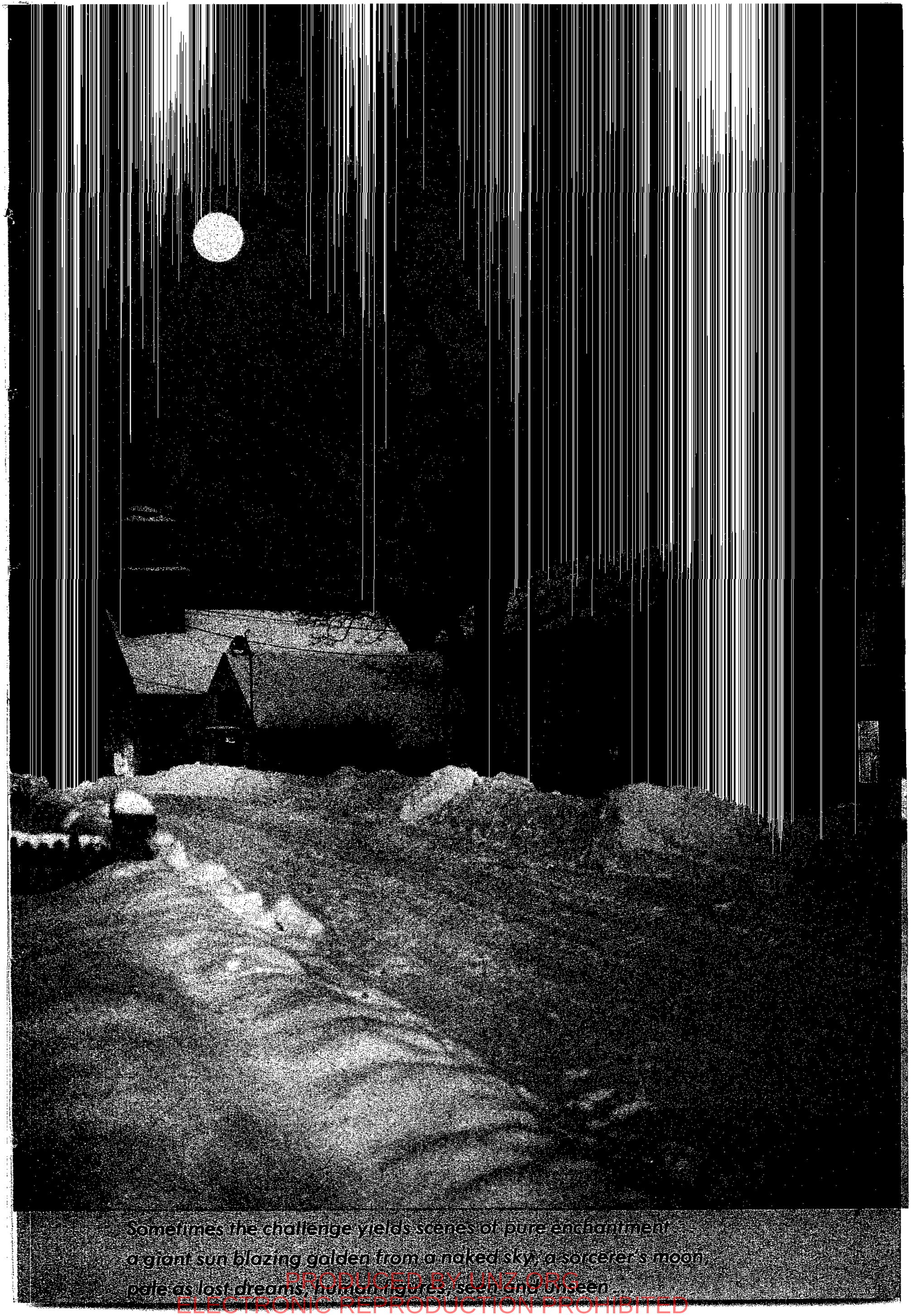
WHEN THE GRASS looks greener on the other side of the fence, it may be that they take better care of it over there.

—CECIL SELIG (*Quote*)

WOMEN ARE unpredictable. You never know how they're going to manage to get their own way.

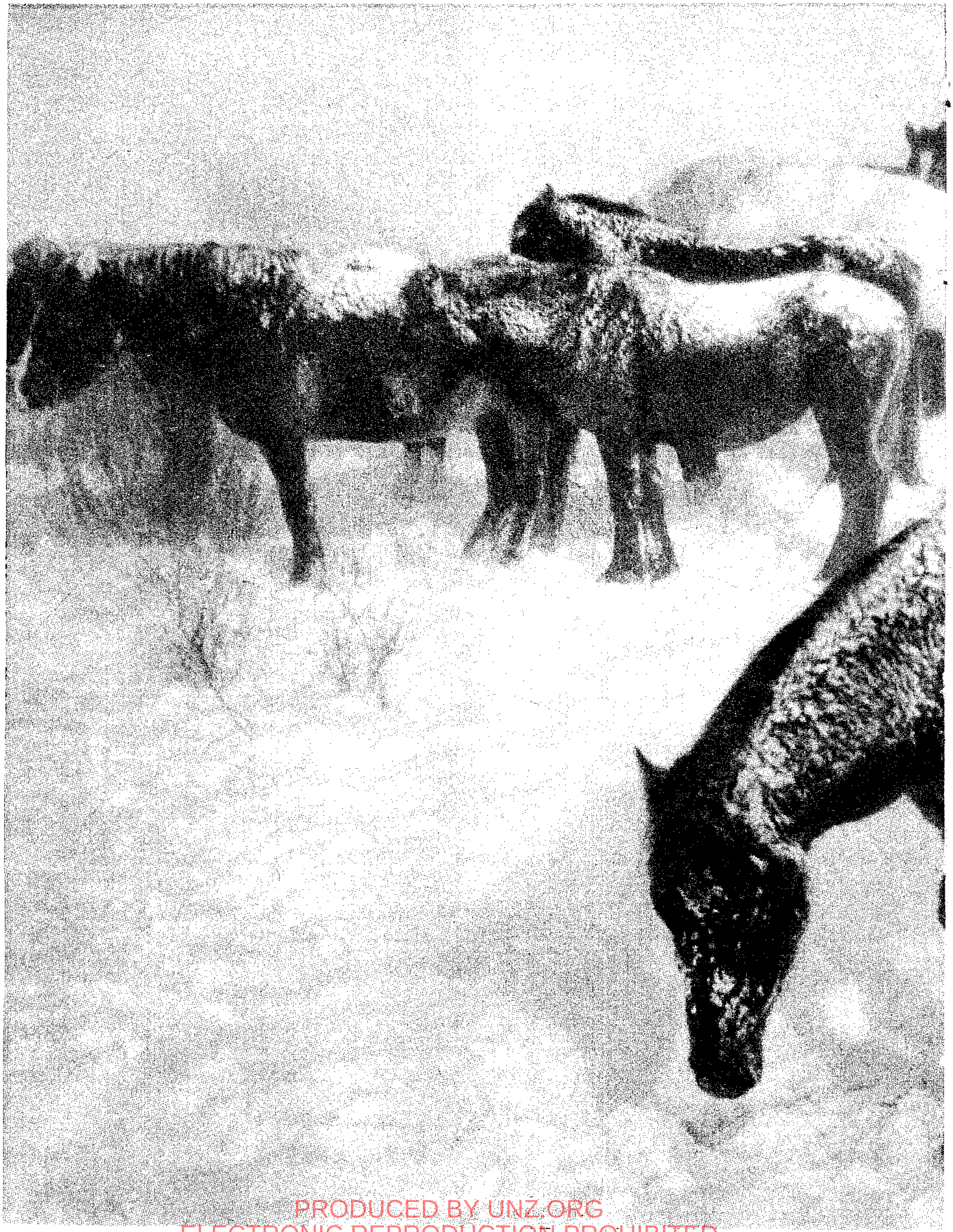
—BEATRICE MANN (*Buck Bits*)

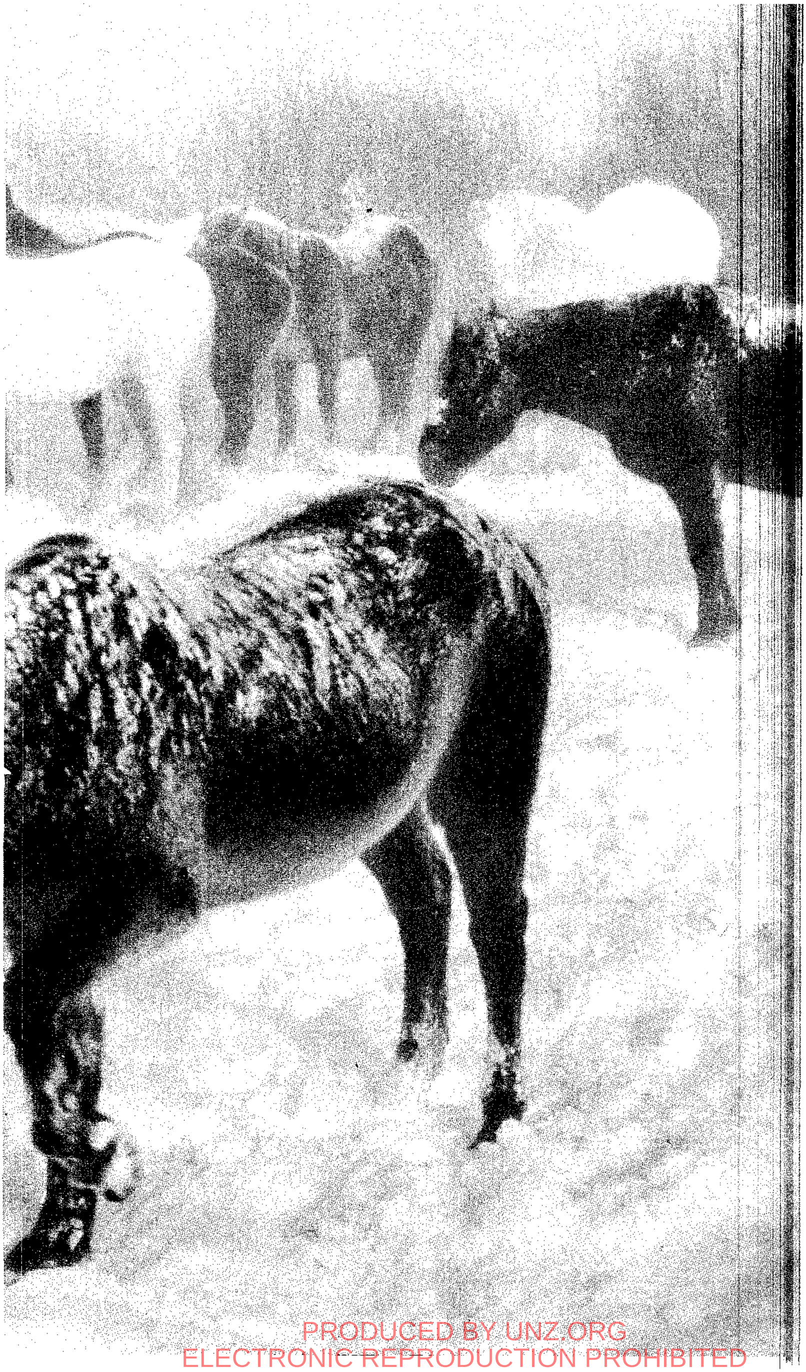


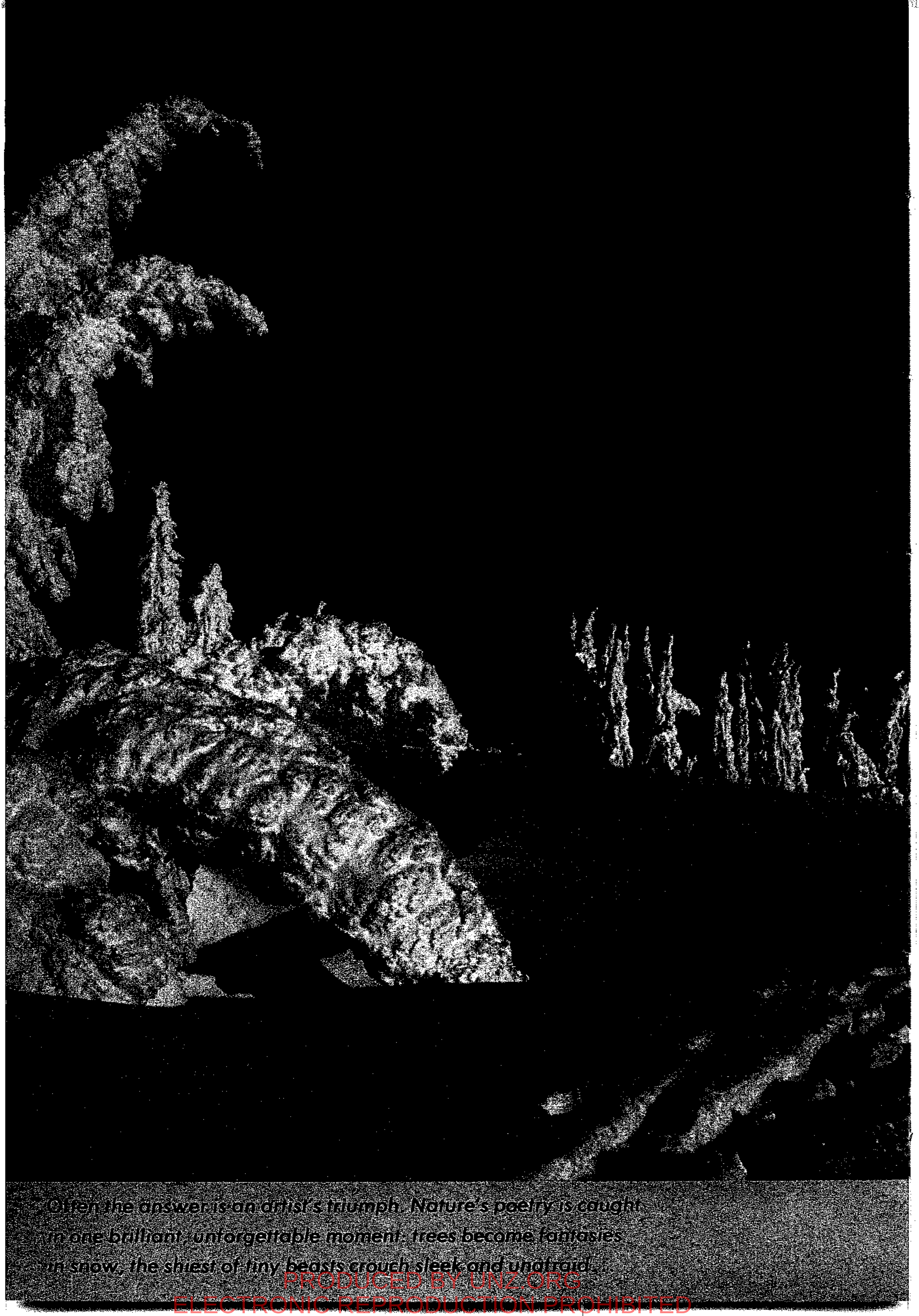


Sometimes the challenge yields scenes of pure enchantment . . . a giant sun blazing golden from a naked sky, a sorcerer's moon, pale as lost dreams, human figures, seen and unseen . . .

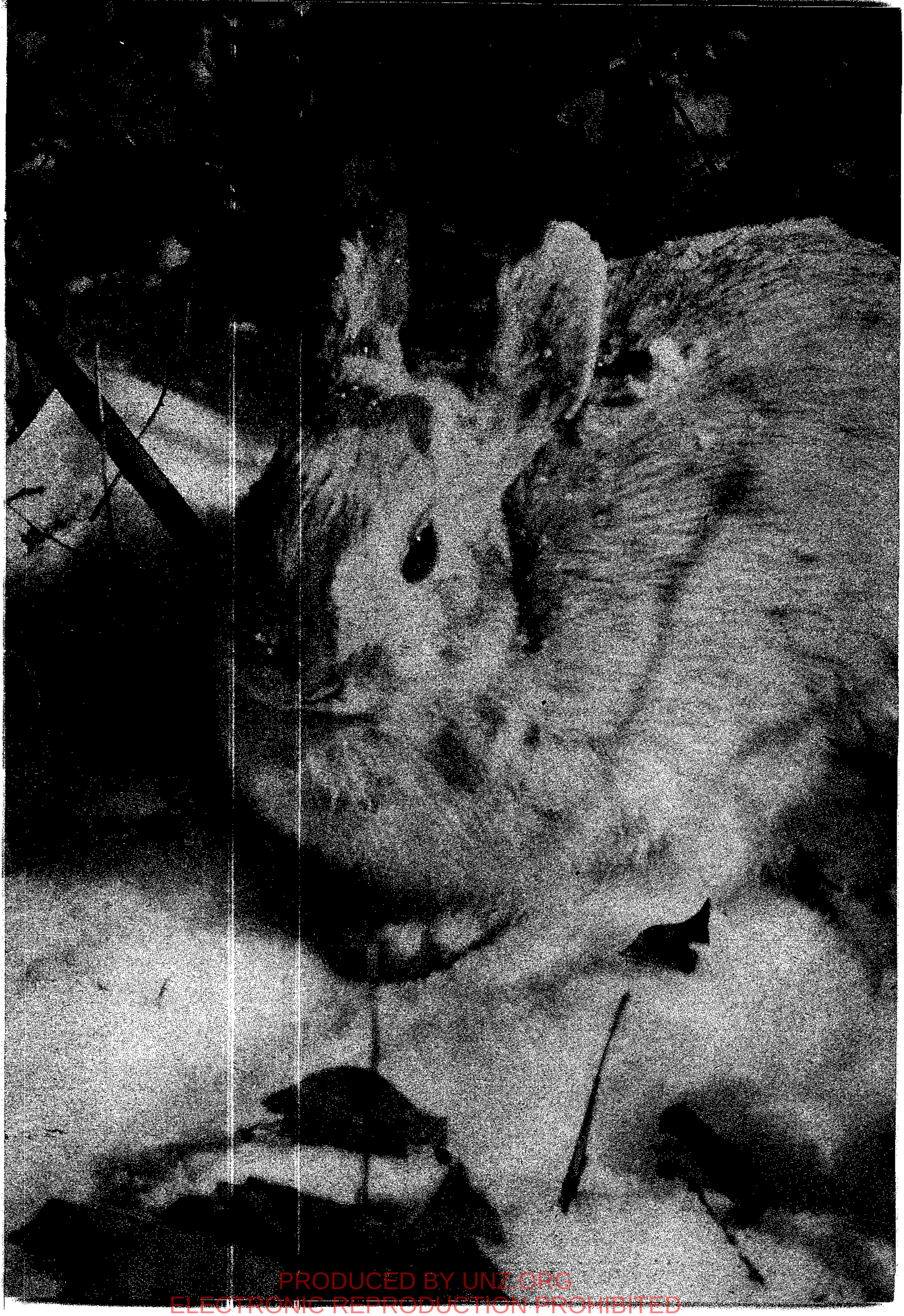
And there are creatures who take the test as instinct teaches,
finding sustenance beneath the barely giving snow,
secure in knowledge that winter's fury is a transient thing . . .



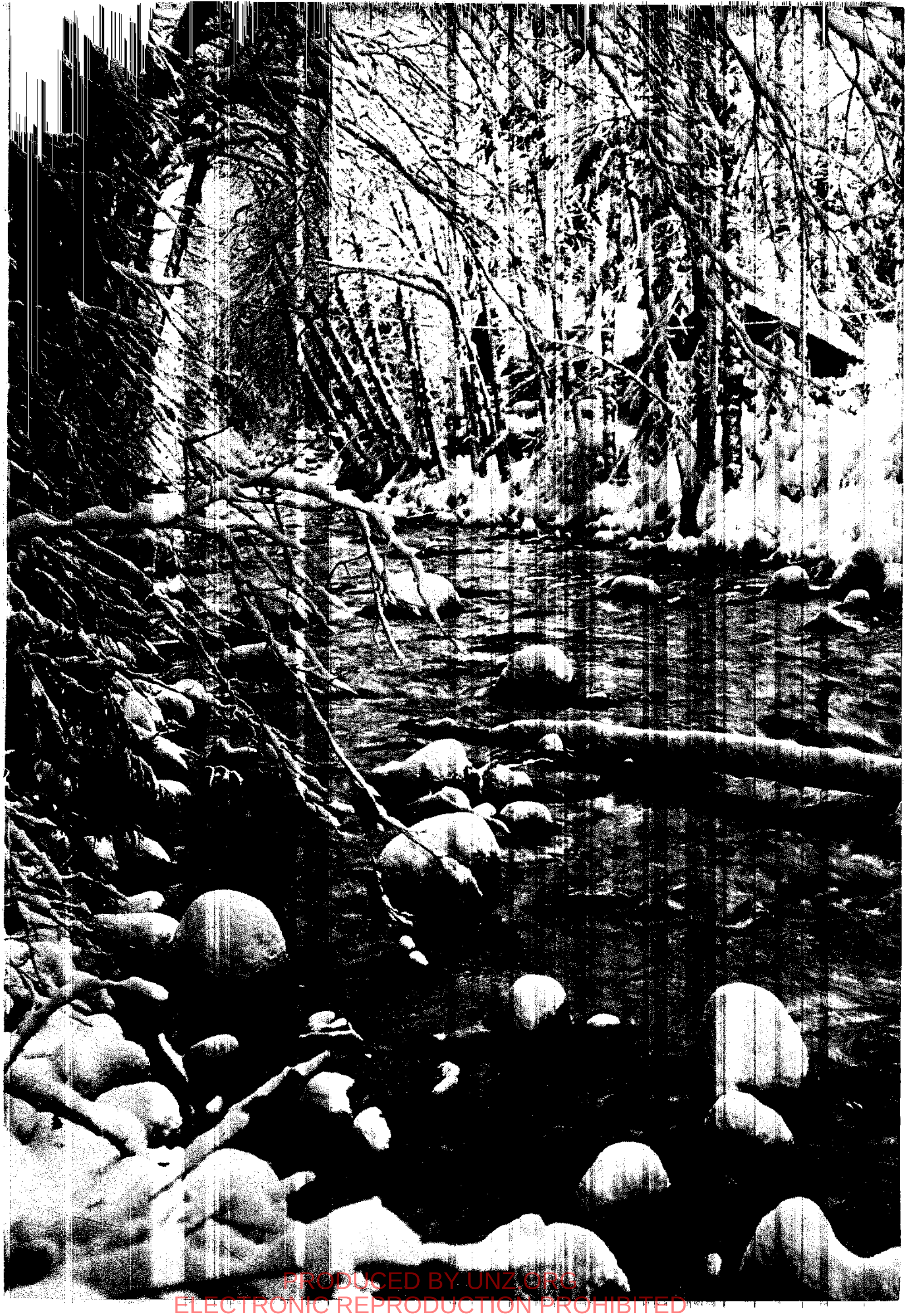




Often the answer is an artist's triumph. Nature's poetry is caught in one brilliant, unforgettable moment: trees become fantasies in snow, the shiest of tiny beasts crouch sleek and unafraid . . .



Then, suddenly, the season turns, the test is over:
in a cloak of whiteness, in an icy ripple,
in a last hoar-breath of fragile wonder, winter vanishes.



Patsy's painless growing pains

by Parke Cummings

THE INDICATIONS ARE that our Patsy is beginning to make a hit with the opposite sex. In justice to her, she was never anathema to boys. When she was younger they tolerated her. Invited to her birthday party, they would willingly come and willingly bring the expected present. They would then congregate by themselves and engage in impromptu wrestling matches, not joining the girls until the ice cream and cake was served. Relations were strictly on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.

But with the approach of adolescence we have observed a change. Patsy is getting those subtle attentions that a junior high school girl has every right to expect from the healthy normal junior high school boy. The lads at last are becoming aware of her.

The first proof of this awareness came several months ago when she returned home from school one day looking unmistakably pleased. It seems that Sandy Hatch—captain of the football team, no less—had put a dead mouse in her desk, throwing the classroom into a turmoil and making Patsy the envy of every girl in the room.

You get the significance? He didn't single out Sandra Jackson or Betty Fuller for this attention; it was our Patsy. It was she, by what devious wiles I wouldn't know, who had made an impression on *him*—a conquest, you might almost say. Could this have happened a year ago? Don't be foolish! Sandy wouldn't even have bothered to throw spitballs at her.

A few weeks later, it developed that she had also made an impression on Ted Holloway, one of the most popular boys in her set. It seems that Ted had dropped practically an entire ice cream cone down the back of her dress. It almost started a rumor that the two were engaged, because Ted hadn't shown that much interest in a girl since he let the air out of Mary Kearney's bicycle tires.

Sandra Jackson and Betty Fuller were in the group when this episode happened, and I don't want to give the impression that their noses were out of joint because Ted dropped the ice cream down Patsy's dress instead of one of theirs. They, too, are beginning to get genuine signs of awareness from boys. Mack Hilton has become smitten with Sandra and refuses to squirt his water pistol at any other girl. It's a good thing, too, because Sandra's the type who has no use for a two-timer.

As for Betty Fuller, it would appear that she has *two* boys on her string. Joe Shriver consistently grabs the rubber bands off her pony-tail. And Pete Smith pours salt on her dessert every time they eat in the school cafeteria.

Betty saved up her allowance for months and gave Pete a basketball for his birthday. (All Joe Shriver got from her was a pencil set.) So it would appear that the salt-pouring technique has it over rubber-band grabbing as far as girls in this age bracket are concerned.

But we really feel that Patsy is setting the popularity pace right now. The reason I say this is that I attended the outing her class had at the local "Y" the other day. They danced, played badminton and ping pong, and then they all swam in the pool.

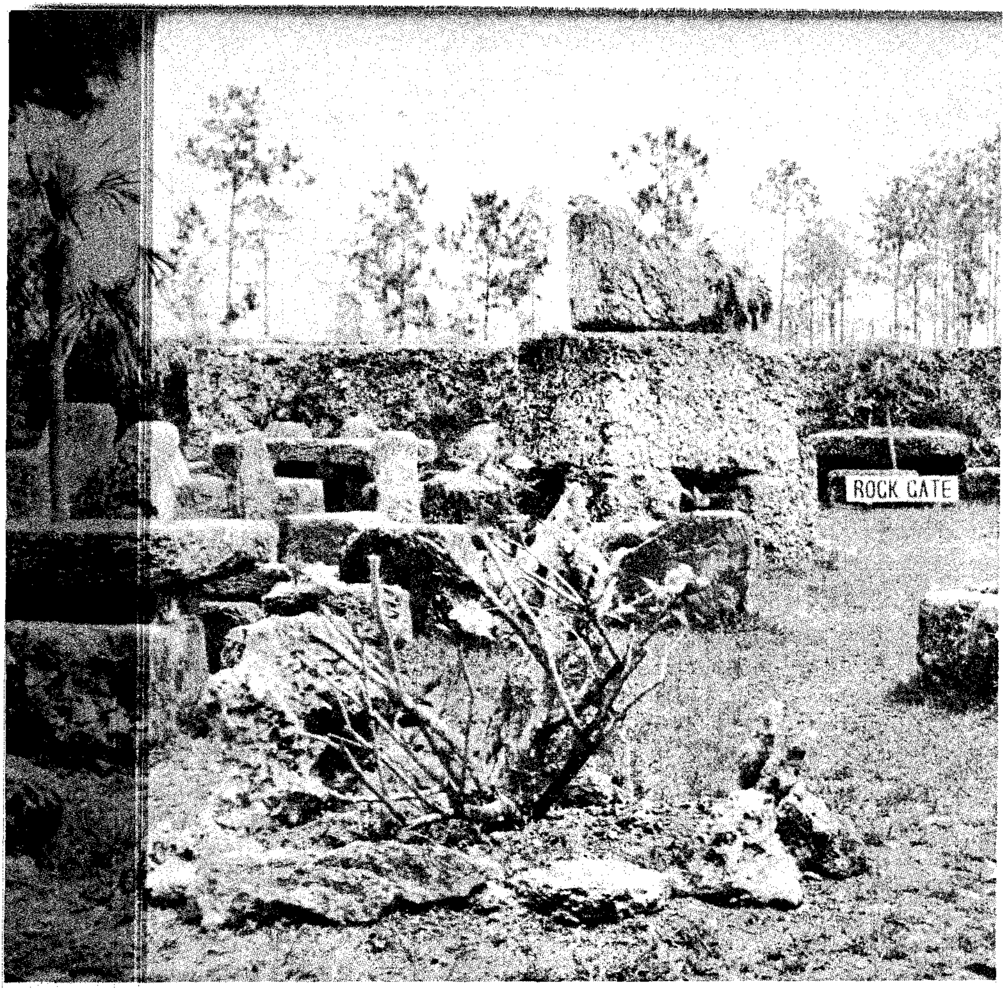
It was there that Patsy scored her ultimate triumph. (I proudly watched with her own eyes.) She was standing on the edge of the pool, a bit reluctant about getting in, when not one but *three* boys suddenly grabbed her, picked her up, and—as she squealed delightedly—heaved her into the drink. Oh yes, there were other girls who got the same treatment afterwards, but the point is that our daughter got thrown in first—*before any other girl in her class!* I saw it happen.

Not only that, but she got thrown in *more* times—11—than anyone else. (The next best was Hildy Olney with what I considered a very mediocre four.) And Patsy got the most wet towels heaved at her, too.

Boasting by a proud parent can be pretty sickening, and I'm the first to admit it, but I just want to point out that some girls reach the age of 15 or 16 around here before a boy throws them into a swimming pool or pushes them off a beach float. And some of them get a pretty bad inferiority complex because of it.

Patsy's much younger than that. She's only—but there I go again, bragging because we have a Social Success in the family. If I show her it's gone to my head, it may go to *her* head, too.

For you parents of girls approaching adolescence, don't let it worry you if the boys seem to ignore your pride and joy. One of these days—sooner than you think—your Susy or Gail will come home with shining eyes and announce that the class president stole her loafers and filled them full of banana peels—and you'll know that she's on her way. You've got a Popular Girl on *your* hands. ♛ ♛ ♛



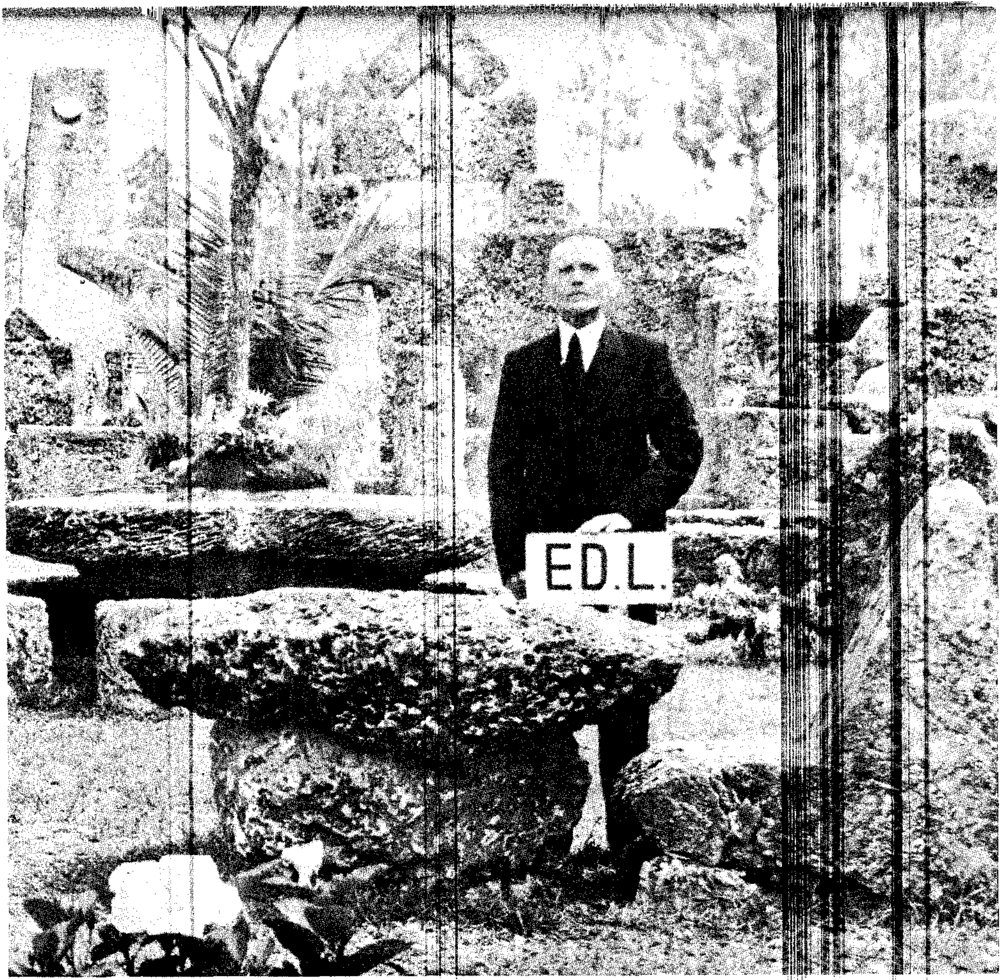
THE LAIRD OF CORAL CASTLE

by William Kofoed

A slave of unrequited love, he built a castle of gigantic blocks of coral to shelter all his shattered dreams

FOR CENTURIES, engineers have sought the secret of the Pyramids—how, with only muscle and primitive tools, enormous blocks of stone were lifted and set into place.

Wiry, 97-pound Edward Leedskalnin apparently discovered how the slaves of the Pharaohs accomplished their seemingly impossible task. Proof of this can be seen in the Coral Castle, formerly called Rock Gate Park, on U.S. Highway



1 near Homestead, Florida, where the Latvian immigrant quarried single-handed, and set in place, coral rock segments weighing up to 35 tons. An obelisk he carved there is 27 feet high, three feet higher than the great central trilithon at Stonehenge, England. Everything in the park and in the castle there is made of rock—tables, chairs, bathtub—without a trace of cement.

Leedskalnin carried his secret to the grave, though scores of experts examined his work. He even showed them his machinery for lifting tremendous weights—a simple apparatus of chains, pulleys and levers. Yet how it supported thousands of pounds of rock mystifies engineers to this day.

The Latvian built his chain and pulley system from scrap parts salvaged from junk yards. Wheels from railroad hand cars are still scattered around the workshop in his castle. Heavy duty chains, 15 feet in length, run disjointedly through and about other cumbersome wheels, the entire apparatus supported by a large hook fastened to a big log. The log was supported by several others.

After Ed Leedskalnin died and the curious began going through his belongings, they found the pulley system dismantled. How he assembled it remains a mystery. Other equipment included rollers, jacks, wedges, slings, cables, sledge hammers and chisels. No one ever saw the little man at work. The few existing pictures of him were taken by himself with time exposures.

WHY THE LATVIAN dedicated his life to this most unusual task goes back 46 years to a small village outside Riga where Ed fell in love with a 16-year-old peasant girl. He thought she adored him as he adored her, and a wedding date was set. But on its eve, his fiancée told him she loved someone else.

Edward Leedskalnin's world fell apart. But being a stubborn man, he convinced himself that, if he could accomplish something so unusual the world's attention would focus on him, he could win back the girl whom he always called "My Sweet Sixteen."

With this in mind, he left Latvia to seek fame in the United States. He visited New York, California, Texas, and finally, in 1918, settled near the little hamlet of Florida City, Florida. By that time he had discovered his secret—and planned a monument which would be one of the wonders of the modern world.

For awhile after his arrival, Ed rode around Homestead and Florida City on his bicycle, as though looking for someone or something. Hospitable townsmen asked him if they could be of help, but Ed thanked them and said "no." Until he began building, which was within a few weeks after he arrived at Florida City, the rumor circulated that he was a treasure hunter.

Leedskalnin erected a log house, removed from other habitation. He quarried rock and fashioned it into chairs, a bed, tables, a bathtub; later a crib and cradle, in anticipation of the day his Sweet Sixteen would arrive, and bear his children.

Although no one ever saw him quarry the coral rock, from the tools he left some idea is known as to how this was done. He had designed a tool to which he attached a wire cable. The other end of the cable was driven down into the rock with an iron stake. By working the tool back and forth in a sawing process he would eventually cut down several feet. He would run two parallel cuts for a distance of a hundred feet or so, and then cut a trench between the cuts to a depth of several feet. Then he would set a row of flat chisels down and by hammering at each one the block of stone would eventually crack out of the ground. This was a tedious job, but Ed had the patience of a saint.

Then he would set up a huge log tripod, place his hoist on this, sling a cable around the rock to be lifted, and thus gradually raise it out of the ground. Then he would set it on wooden rollers, and with a different set of pulleys and wedges gradually move it to wherever he wished to set it.

He built a "repentance corner" which he planned to use to punish his children after Sweet Sixteen arrived and bore them. It resembled the old-fashioned pillory of colonial days. Ed said, "The kids might forget a whipping, but they'll never forget this."

Everything he did was in anticipation of his beloved's arrival. He even hewed what he called a "twisted heart." It was a 500-pound piece of stone roughly carved into the shape of a heart. "If either of us have our feelings hurt, we can sit here," Ed explained.

Meanwhile, a real-estate boom attracted thousands of newcomers to Florida. Ed was "crowded" by neighbors, and he didn't like that.

He loaded his handicraft, consisting mostly of rock furniture, on a trailer and hired a neighbor to haul it to a new site north of Homestead.

Even the heavy-duty tractor couldn't budge the great loads when the truck veered off the road. Ed would smile at the futile efforts of the driver, a jovial Homestead resident named Bob Biggers. The magician in stone would get out cables and pulleys, "lift" the truck out of the sand, and get it on the road.

Settled on his new site, Leedskalnin went to work on his inner sanctum, a two-storied castle containing 160 tons of coral rock. To keep sightseers at long range, he built a wall eight feet high and three thick around his castle and his park. Time and vegetation combined to make the slabs look as though they were carved from a single piece of coral. He said he planned to add another eight feet to the wall's height, but he never got around to it.

Ed lived on the second floor of his castle, using the first as a workroom and storehouse. Being a man of small needs, with a passion for neatness, his furnishings were a primitive rocking chair and a bed, which he pulled to the ceiling after he arose in the morning. His legless table fastened to the wall, for the little man didn't want anything in his way when he cleaned.

The rear entrance to his park is through a nine-ton door, perfectly balanced on pivots, which a child can move with ease. It is so closely fitted into the wall that there is barely a half inch clearance between the stones framing it.

Inside the park is an ingenious mirror which Ed used for shaving and combing his hair. He fashioned it from a small, rectangular rock, hollowed out to a depth of several inches. He darkened the bottom with pitch, and filled it with water. It gives a perfect reflection.

Leedskalnin showed equal imagination with his tables, one of which is carved into the shape of Florida. Still a mystery to horticulturists is a solid coral rock table, from which a flowering centrepiece grows.

Ed claimed to have designed the first contour chair, a three-ton giant in which he relaxed after the day's work. He built a huge polaris telescope 25 feet tall and weighing nearly 30 tons, to focus the North Star. Then he erected another coral giant a few feet away and bored small holes through both stones. There were no lenses in the telescope.

Within small borings in each of the coral giants were two wires shaped into a cross. Ed would sight on the star by lining up the center part of the cross. It is quite accurate.

In all the years, Leedskalnin ruined not a single stone, an incredible record considering how easily coral crumbles. That was one of his proudest boasts.

He led a Spartan life, and for entertainment made occasional trips into Homestead on his bicycle. There, he read newspapers and periodicals, and studied scientific books in the town library. He mostly ignored the movies because he complained he could not look and hear at the same time.

Though Leedskalnin never sought visitors, he didn't keep them out. Eventually he formally opened his park to them. He charged no fee for admission, but he did accept donations.

Few visitors came until his monument took shape, then curiosity brought them to his door. To get into the main courtyard they had to go through a three-ton, perfectly balanced rock in the shape of a turnstile.

"Don't turn the stone unless you use your little finger," Ed would say. After the visitor had turned the stone, Ed would move it back the same way.

In a sing-songy heavily accented voice, Leedskalnin told visitors about the castle. He was a crotchety host. Occasionally people, scarcely believing what they saw, exclaimed, "You couldn't have done all this by yourself!" Ed would glare at them, counter with: "I did it!" and stalk away. He felt such remarks from doubting people a reflection on his talent and integrity.

Despite his eccentricities, most people who visited the park, which was then known only as "Ed's Place," held a genuine fondness for the wiry old man.

Yet, though Ed had achieved what no other modern man had ever done, he felt himself a failure. He had worked ceaselessly with mind and hands to make Sweet Sixteen come back to him—and she had never come.

In 1951, at the age of 64, Leedskalnin died. But his monument remains, turned now into a tourist attraction, one of the most unusual in Florida.

Engineers still come and look and prod about, but none has ever learned Edward Leedskalnin's secret.

Candid Comments

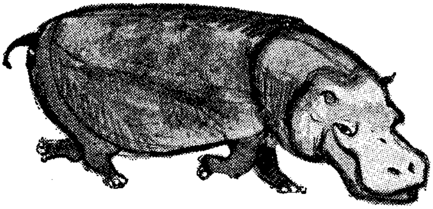
ABBA EBAN, Israeli ambassador to the U.S.: "When an ostrich buries its head in the ground to avoid facing unpleasant facts *it not only presents an undignified spectacle, it also constitutes* an irresistible target."

—*The Detroit News*

A HENPECKED weatherman claims:
"My wife speaks 150 words a minute with gusts up to 180."

—JOE CREASON (*Louisville Courier Journal*)

This 3-ton creature gave zoologists a start when he shook a leg and landed 1,000 miles from home



HUBERT THE PSYCHO HIPPO

by REED MILLARD

Any animal expert knows that hippos are home-loving creatures who never stray more than a few miles from their natal lakes and streams. Yet in 1919, incredulous natives came upon one in a cane field hundreds of miles south of the steaming waters of Zululand where he presumably should have been.

The next morning, Hubert (as he got to be called), was gone and it was believed he had headed north toward home. Soon, however, he was sighted, heading *south.*

Newspapers all over South Africa picked up the story when Hubert moved into a field of cabbages. Nobody in those parts had ever seen a wild hippopotamus before, much less one that ate cabbages. The 6,000-pound traveler went from one cabbage field to another, moving steadily southward. Months later, he appeared in a lake outside the large city of Durban, and hundreds of motorists drove out to see him.

Hubert seemed to like people. But when hunters from the Johannesburg Zoo showed up, he violently resisted capture. The Natal Provincial Council then decreed that he was a ward of the Province and that no one was to molest the ungainly nomad.

As if he knew that he now had free run of the country, Hubert headed for Durban. All traffic stopped as he triumphantly lumbered down the main street, poking his head into doorways.

On southward he went, making it a point to go through villages rather than around them. Awed natives treated him as though he were some sort of god. Hubert did seem to display an unusual interest in religion, for he shouldered his way into a Buddhist temple, blundered into a Trappist monastery and, just to be impartial, ploughed into a native ceremonial dance.

Hubert once disappeared for weeks, and those who knew about hippopotami said that at last Hubert had gone home to Zululand. Then he calmly walked into a village a hundred miles still farther south.

What strange call lured Hubert ever southward? No one ever found out. For one night, two and a half years later, he was accidentally shot to death. No one knows how far he might have traveled. But as it was, he clinched a place for himself as one of the most remarkable rugged individualists of the animal kingdom. ♛♛♛

BALLET OF DEATH IN Bali

by John Carlova

As temple bells tinkled, 1,000 beauties flung themselves on Dutch invaders' bayonets

THE ROMANTIC ISLE OF BALI, renowned for its beauty and charm, was the scene of the world's most savage mass suicide—a passionate outburst of self-destruction in which hundreds of naked or half-naked Balinese women danced to their deaths on the bayonets of an invading army, provoked the soldiers into shooting them, or flung themselves on the funeral pyre of a blazing palace. In all, more than 1,000 women died in this gallantly quixotic attempt to hold onto their beloved island, their freedom and their religion.

The Balinese, descendants of Hindu princes who migrated to the East Indies from India, are a proud people. The men are small but strong. The doll-like women, dark-eyed and exquisite, are generally considered to be the most beautiful in the world. As ritualistic dancers, they have long been famous.

Up until the end of the 19th century, the Dutch, firmly in control of most of the other islands of the East Indies, had had to settle for a trading agreement with Bali which restricted them to coastal territories. By 1900, this arrangement had proved unsatisfactory to the Dutch and they began to look around for a sound moral reason to break it.

Consequently, they banned certain "uncivilized" practices in Bali. Among these was *suttee,* the ancient Hindu custom under which high-caste widows threw themselves alive on the funeral pyres of their husbands, a custom which had not been widely practiced in happy-go-lucky Bali.

But in 1903, when the Rajah of Tabanan died, one of his widows had a 20-foot ceremonial tower built. This overlooked a pit on which the dead prince, swathed in robes of gold tissue, was to be cremated. When the flames were at their height, the widow leaped to her death.

This, a dispute over the sinking of a Chinese ship flying a Dutch flag, and a most romantic incident gave the Dutch all the excuse they needed for occupation. As could be expected in romantic Bali, a love story was involved in this third excuse.

Through the years, many Dutch

seamen and traders had taken advantage of the hospitality of the amiable Balinese girls. An offspring of one of these unions was a handsome, light-skinned youth named Saba, a fisherman who lived in the territory ruled by the despotic Rajah of Klungkung.

One of the Rajah's daughters was a beautiful temple dancer named Raka. While swimming in a lagoon one day, she met Saba—and it was love at first sight. Theirs was a prohibited love, however, for girls of royal birth were forbidden to mingle with common folk. The fact that Saba was half white made it all the worse.

Nevertheless, so strong was their love, the young couple risked the wrath of the Rajah. They went to him and asked his permission to marry. Without answering, the Rajah ordered Raka and Saba dressed in ceremonial robes, with blossoms pinned in their hair, as though for a wedding. Then he had them hurled alive into a pool of sharks.

The Dutch East Indies governor-general was outraged. "This is an affront to the civilized world," he declared. "It is time the princes of Bali were taught a lesson. We shall take over the island and place it under more humane administration."

As a result, on September 19, 1906, a fleet of 19 Dutch ships carrying 3,000 troops anchored off Sanur, three miles from the palace of the paramount Balinese Rajah at Den Pasar. The admiral in charge sent an order to the aged Rajah, demanding immediate surrender of the entire island.

The Rajah replied, "We would be less than men if we did not fight for our freedom."

The Dutch fleet then opened fire and dropped thousands of shells into Sanur. After two days of bombardment, there was hardly a building left standing in the town. It seemed impossible for anyone to be still alive amid the burning rubble.

Yet, when the Dutch troops rowed ashore, they were met by a Balinese "army" of 6,000 men, women and children, a few armed with ancient rifles, the rest swinging swords or flinging spears. Their courage was admirable but their action foolish. They were shot down by the hundreds because they would not surrender, nor would they stop fighting.

"For your own sake, and for the sake of your people, I implore you to surrender," the Dutch commander wrote the Rajah. "We have no heart for such slaughter and want no more of it."

In reply, another Balinese "army" came storming out of the jungle and again the Dutch were forced to shoot down hundreds of lightly armed but savagely fighting men, women and children.

On September 20, the Dutch army drew up before the great palace at Den Pasar. Inside, besides the Rajah, were about a hundred princes, a score of high priests and several hundred servants. There were also more than a thousand women and girls, including royal wives, concubines and court dancers.

The Dutch commander ordered the Rajah to surrender. In answer, smoke began to appear from palace windows, and a glittering procession formed up in the courtyard. At its head was the Rajah, wearing state robes of gold and borne aloft on a golden throne. Over his head was a golden umbrella. In his right hand he held a royal dagger studded with diamonds.

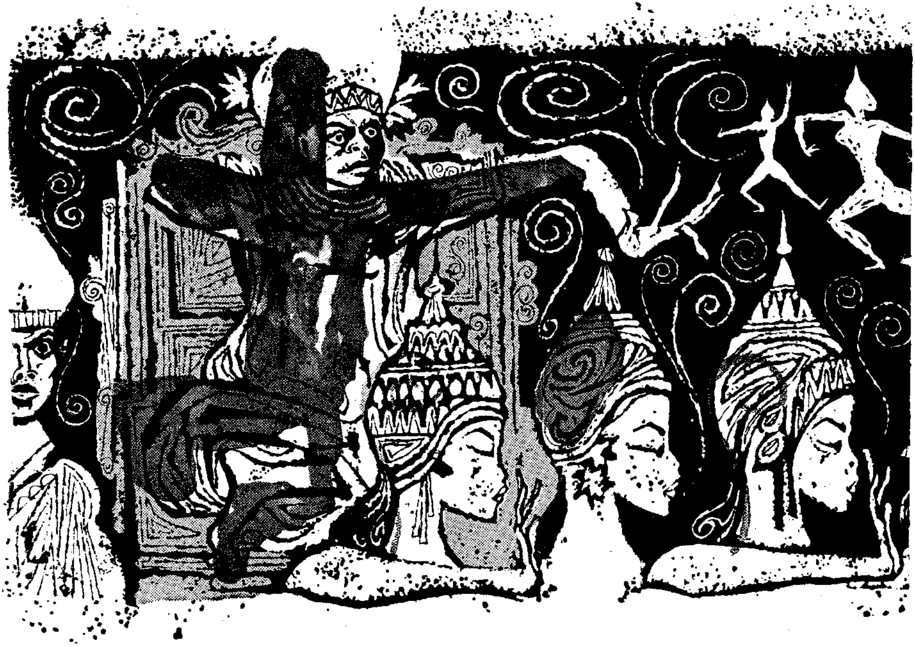
Behind the Rajah came rows of noblemen dressed in white, the sun flashing on their silver headdresses, silver-tipped spears and gem-encrusted royal daggers.

Then came the women, a thousand of them, naked or half-naked as though for sacrifice, their slender, honey-colored bodies smeared with a paste made of coconut oil, mashed spices and flowers. They had pure white frangipani blossoms fixed in their black hair; and some wore heavy pendants of gold about their necks, others chunky royal rings, thick silver bracelets or gold fingernail protectors up to five inches long.

Slowly, to the tinkling accompaniment of temple bells carried by yellow-robed priests, the women began to dance. At first, only the hands moved—an intricate pattern of parted fingers weaving before the eyes.

"They've all sworn to die together!" an officer gasped, recognizing the symbolic last glimpse of life that marks the Balinese dance of death.

Flames were leaping from the palace doors and windows as the bizarre procession moved out of the courtyard. Down the wide avenue between rows of sacred trees it came, the women dancers angrily stamping their bare feet on the pavement. With knees bent and heads jerking from side to side, they swung their



arms fiercely. In quickening tempo, they whirled and turned, some moving to the head of the procession, others spreading out on both sides.

At the great carved stone gates of the palace, reaching a pitch of frenzy, the women in front flung themselves to the ground. In an awed hush, the Rajah was borne on his golden throne over their prostrate bodies.

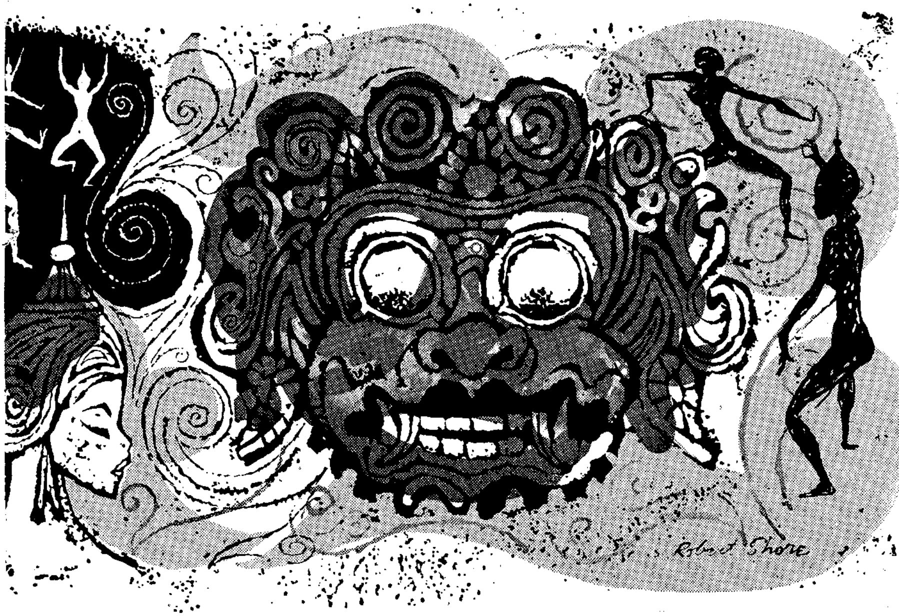
Suddenly lifting his diamond-studded dagger he cried, "I die so that Bali might live!" He then plunged the dagger into his heart.

At this signal, most of the royal princes hurled themselves on their spears. Some, who preferred to go down fighting, charged the fixed bayonets of the Dutch troops.

They were followed by the women who savagely flung their rings and bracelets at the soldiers. The horrified Dutch tried to avert their bayonets, but not before hundreds of the women had impaled themselves upon them.

In the confusion, an officer gave the order to fire and volley after volley cut down the rows of Balinese dancers in a fearful finale to their ballet of death. Those who survived ran back up the avenue between the rows of sacred trees and threw themselves into the raging inferno of the palace.

In the end, not one of the 1,400 people who had come out of the palace was left alive. But they did not die in vain. After World War II, the East Indies gained their independence and, as part of the republic of Indonesia, Bali today is happy, prosperous and free. ♛ ♛ ♛



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HOW TO PICK A MATE

by **John Kord Lagemann**

"SOMETHING AWFUL has happened to Bill since we got married," Janet told her doctor, and proceeded to pour out her grievances.

Bill drank too much. Twice he had beaten her. His jealousy drove away all her old friends. He was totally lacking in affection and understanding. Though almost impotent, he demanded occasional satisfaction in ways that left her cold and disgusted. Certainly this wasn't the man she promised, only a year ago, to love and to honor.

"Marriage changed him completely," Janet cried bitterly.

To the doctor, this was an old story. Actually, Bill had not changed at all. Janet had simply discovered things about him which should have been obvious during their early dating days.

"Picking a husband is the most important decision a woman makes during her entire lifetime," says Dr. Rebecca Liswood, executive director of the Marriage Counseling Service of Greater New York, Inc. "Yet to this crucial task many apply less deliberation and judgment than they use in picking a hairdresser."

Certain personality traits are favorable to marriage and certain others make it impossible for a man to be a good companion, lover, parent and provider. *No man is a good enough actor to hide these traits from a woman who realizes how profoundly they will affect her married life.* They are revealed in his conversation, clothes, social and political attitudes, feelings about his parents and, indeed, in his every word and act.

A woman who pays attention to these clues need not be greatly disappointed nor greatly surprised by anything a man does after marriage. Even his sexual capacity may be indicated without so much as a kiss.

All the woman has to do is take a sober second look at the man and start asking questions—silent-

To a perceptive woman, the clues to a man's inner self are clear; they range from his talk, clothes, temperament to his work habits

ly, of course. Here is a check-list of questions that can help any woman size up a prospective mate.

Is he sexually compatible?

Women do not give nearly enough thought to this question in picking their husbands. The result is a high incidence of frustration that may lead to frigidity, dissatisfaction, inadequacy. One of the greatest obstacles to sexual adjustment is disparity of sex drive in husband and wife—something a woman can detect well in advance of marriage.

How can this be done without premarital intercourse? Many clues will tell you. One of the best is the degree of personal warmth in a man's everyday relations. A man who is cold and unfeeling in his social and business life is almost sure to be cold and unfeeling in the intimacies of marriage.

"Underneath he loves me," you may reason. "He just can't express it."

This is wishful thinking. A cold, undemonstrative man is usually not suppressing his emotions. Most likely he does not feel any. He just can't get excited about anything, including lovemaking. And, since the satisfactions of sex are about 98 per cent emotional, he gets little out of it except release from physical tension.

A warm, responsive temperament, on the other hand, is a good indication that a man is capable of experiencing sex as an expression of love. Without this capacity, sexual maladjustment in marriage is probable.

Even more revealing, however, are the psychological clues. If a man is touchy, resentful, hyper-irritable, harshly unforgiving, secretive, suspicious, hypochondriacal, habitually moody, or given to heavy drinking, you can be sure he has sexual conflicts which match his emotional conflicts and will make him a difficult marriage partner.

Obsession with sex, promiscuity, or an apparently insatiable sex urge do not indicate, as some women naïvely believe, that a man is "oversexed." On the contrary, they may be symptoms of sexual shortcomings, including among others a low sex drive, potency anxieties and latent homosexuality.

The key to healthy male sexuality is control. Sexually adequate men are seldom overwhelmed by desire or impelled to commit sexual assault of any kind. Sexuality in an emotionally healthy man is neither impersonal nor one-sided and, as a general rule, never without affection and concern for his partner.

Can he make his own decisions?

No contract, including marriage, can be trusted unless each party to it is a mature adult. The usual marriage contract contains the phrase, "forsaking all others"—and that means that the new family unit must take precedence over all other relationships with friends and relatives.

When a husband continues to lean on others—usually his mother but sometimes an older brother or sister or a man or woman friend—the marriage is likely to be unhappy.

"In very pronounced cases of overdependence, the outlook for the marriage is practically hopeless," says Dr. John F. Oliven, prominent psychiatrist and specialist in sexual problems. "Peculiarly, the death of the one depended upon brings no relief. In fact, it may hasten complete disruption of the marriage."

The early, surface symptoms Dr. Oliven lists are constant soliciting and accepting of advice from the parent, over frequent visits to the parent's home and the holding up of the parent as a model to guide or shame you.

Sometimes indecisiveness is disguised as solicitousness. "Anything you want to do is fine with me," is one way the indecisive man passes the buck and avoids making a decision. "When shall we meet?" "What shall we do?" he asks in calling up for a date.

What is his attitude toward women?

Does he condescend to them, treat them as weak and inferior? Does he have exaggerated ideas of male supremacy? If so, be wary. There's trouble ahead.

This breed comes in two types. Type A is the tough guy, the "brute" in undershirt that Marlon Brando portrayed in *A Streetcar Named Desire,* though he is just as likely to wear a Brooks Brothers suit. He can turn on the charm like a little boy trying to get his way, or cover up some mischief by giving lavish presents or doing favors. He believes that every woman has her price in flowers and flattery. This he is willing to pay. But it is strictly a deal—take it or leave it.

Type A is unsure of his masculinity. According to psychiatrists, his hostility to women has its origin in his guilty identification with them. He constantly has to prove that he is male—all male. His potency is based on sadistic fantasies.

A perceptive woman can recognize this in his playful affectionate gestures. He is the man who squeezes a little too hard, the man who makes a fist and lashes out at his girl as if to hit her, the man who puts his fingers around her throat in the mock gesture of strangulation. It is all in fun, of course—or so he'd like to have you think.

Type B is more conventional—and more subtle. Instead of proving his masculinity by mistreating women, he proves it by "protecting" them. He has rigid and highly conventional notions about "the weaker sex." He believes that women have to be guided and controlled by men.

"Women are all alike," he often says, or, "Isn't that just like a woman?"

He identifies himself with the strong in suppressing the weak. He is highly prejudiced against minorities. Women are always a threat to him because they symbolize feminine character traits which he has to suppress in his own personality in order to prove his masculinity. He lives in fear of being called a sissy.

The healthy, emotionally well-balanced male accepts his passive as well as his aggressive traits. He isn't alarmed by the fact that women are human, too, and have an aggressive as well as a passive side. In his relations with them he looks for sociability and companionship as well as sex. He takes women seriously as individuals.

How does he handle his jealousy?

It is as normal for a male in our acquisitive culture to be jealous as for a dog to growl over a bone. If a man is emotionally well balanced, he can finally admit his fits of jealousy, and even laugh at himself for behaving so irrationally.

But watch out for the man who hides and denies his jealousy and boasts that he hasn't a jealous bone in his body. It is an indication that jealousy plays a much greater role in his life than he wants you to know.

One type of hidden jealousy which every woman should learn to detect early in courtship is merely a form of poor sportsmanship. It comes out in overpossessiveness and an unreasoning fear of being cheated out of one's just desserts. The poor sport, like the jealous lover, feels that someone is trying to crowd him out or take advantage of him.

If you dig into his background, you will probably find that he was always touchy, always fearful that someone else might get more attention, never quite sure of being loved.

Another type of hidden jealousy is a form of scapegoatism. The man who belongs in this category is the pot who is always calling the kettle black.

The tendency to project one's own guilty wishes onto another in order to be free of blame pervades his entire personality and this should make it easy to spot him. He is the reckless driver who tells you that women have no business behind the wheel of a car. If he pulls a fast deal in business, he invariably calls his victim a crook.

One of his outstanding characteristics is his racial and religious prejudice, the faults he finds with this or that minority group faithfully reflects his own shortcomings. When he has a guilty desire to stray, it will be his wife whom he may accuse of unfaithfulness.

What does he see in you?

Don't be taken in by the man who overglamorizes or idealizes you. It simply means that he is not prepared as yet to accept you as you are.

So be wary of the man who sees more than you know is really there. Marriage will quickly reveal your feet of clay and he must be prepared for the inevitable realization and acceptance of you as you really are.

What is his amorous credit rating?

When it comes to lovemaking, every man follows a characteristic behavior pattern which changes little throughout his lifetime. You can tell a lot about what is in store for you from the experience of other women in his life.

If he speaks of them with genuine friendliness and respect, you don't have to worry. He has made his peace with himself and the opposite sex and is free to commit himself to a new love. But if he speaks ill of his old flames, belittles them or harbors anger or resentment toward them, he is still much too involved with his own inner conflicts to establish a lasting love relationship with you.

Does he use a "line?"

On first acquaintance with a girl, it is perfectly normal to indulge in a certain amount of humbug to "break the ice." But after these preliminaries, continued use of a "line" by an adult is symptomatic of a psychopathic personality defect—one that might make it impossible for a man to form deep and lasting relationships with a woman, or for that matter, with any human being.

He can be very persuasive at times, adept in the use of flattery and unimpeded by a respect for truth or the feelings of the girl he makes love to. But he is unable to reach out and identify himself with others, which makes him unpredictable, tactless and often cruel. Emotionally he is still at the age when boys pull the wings off butterflies.

What is his attitude toward work?

A job is a man's strongest tie to reality and an essential part of his masculine identification. Working successfully at a job requires many of the same qualities—considerateness, responsibility and willingness to learn—that go into making a success of marriage. So beware of the man who has no real interest or pride in his work.

The wives of busy men sometimes complain that work absorbs too much of their husbands' time and energies. But not one of them would swap such a husband for a man who couldn't quite settle down to work at all.

A man has only one self. He is the same person with the same feelings and motivations and compulsions whether he is carrying on a business deal, a polite conversation or marital relations in the privacy of the bedroom.

Marriage cannot reform his character. It may develop and enlarge qualities he already possesses. But nothing new is added. And any woman who counts on marriage, parenthood or her own wifely efforts to reshape a man's character is asking for trouble.

Answers to "Names That Live" Quiz

(Answers to quiz on page 87.)

1. mackintosh: Mackintosh. 2. guillotine: Guillotin. 3. saxophone: Sax. 4. bloomer: Bloomer. 5. quisling: Quisling. 6. lynch: Lynch. 7. nicotine: Nicot. 8. chauvinism: Chauvin. 9. macadam: McAdam. 10. braille: Braille. 11. volt: Volta. 12. boycott: Boycott. 13. mesmerize: Mesmer. 14. galvanize: Galvani. 15. sideburns or burnsides: Burnside. 16. shrapnel: Shrapnel. 17. daguerreotype: Daguerre. 18. praline: Praslin. 19. epicure: Epicurus. 20. bertha: Bertha. 21. diesel: Diesel. 22. platonic: Plato. 23. bobby: Robert (Bobby). 24. nightingale: Nightingale. 25. hansom: Hansom. 26. spinet: Spinetti. 27. sandwich: Sandwich. 28. poinsettia: Poinsett.

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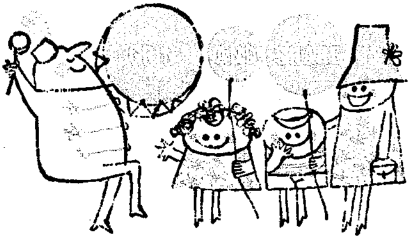

A WEALTHY BACHELOR of 60, who had fallen in love with a much younger woman, was discussing his romance with French satirist Voltaire:

"I want to marry her," he said, "but I'm afraid I ruined my chances by telling her my true age. I should have told her I was 50."

"No," said Voltaire, "you should have told her you were 70."

—E. E. EDGAR

NO TRAIT is more useful in life than the ability to laugh at our own defects just as Lincoln was able to make fun of homeliness. Once during a debate Douglas accused him of being two-faced. Without hesitation Lincoln calmly replied, "I leave it to my audience—if I had two faces, would I be wearing this one?" —*General Features Corporation*

BRUNO WALTER, famed orchestra leader, once walked into a rehearsal, bowed good morning to the musicians and raised his hand for silence.

"Now, gentlemen," he said in hushed tones, "the opening of this symphony must be played softly, very, very softly. It opens like a whisper, you understand? A whisper. Now, let's try it."

As he raised his baton, the musicians tensely placed their instruments in position. But before they could play a single note, Walter lowered his baton and scolded, "No, no, gentlemen! It's already too loud."

—MAXWELL DROKE, *The Speaker's Handbook of Humor, Harper & Bros.*

OLD UNCLE Eben Jones applying for a life insurance policy was told: "You look too old for us to take the risk. Just how old are you?"

"Ninety-seven come next August," said the old man, and added testily, "If you folks will take the trouble to look up your statistics, you'll find that mighty few men die after they're 97." —*The American Way*

TOWARD THE END of an extended tour of the United States, an Englishman fell into conversation with a Texan on a train. The Texan embarked on a long recitation of the wonders of the Lone Star State.

"Maybe you didn't realize it while you were going through my state," he said, "but all of Great Britain could fit into one corner of it."

"I dare say it could," said the Englishman drily, "and wouldn't it do wonders for the place!"

—AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

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WHAT IS A CHILD?

by Herbert S. Benjamin, M.D.

Tenderly, with a sense of wonder, a physician reveals why a child is not a tiny adult, but a mystery unto himself

THERE IS NOTHING quite like the shock a medical student experiences when he examines a child patient for the first time. He has spent long hours in adult wards making physical examinations, learning to diagnose disease. Then he goes over to the children's dispensary.

His first patient, Johnny Smith, is nine months old—a nice economy-sized patient for a change. Johnny lies on the table gurgling and cooing, the attending nurse's finger clutched in his little hand.

The student applies the stethoscope, and looks up in dismay. The heart is registering an alarming 135 beats per minute. Until now the student has seen such a fast pulse only in patients with the worst kind of infectious fevers.

The child is breathing 35 times a minute. The student has thought 16 normal. Anyone breathing so fast should be in some kind of distress, but the expression on Johnny's face is smiling and contented.

Everything seems wrong, yet Johnny Smith is a perfectly healthy, happy child. His heart beats the right number of times for a fellow his age, and everything else is as it should be. For Johnny is a child, and not a pint-sized adult. In fact, there are so many dissimilarities between children and mature grownups, that sometimes the two seem like altogether different kinds of living beings. Some diseases which are deadly for adults, for instance, wouldn't bother Johnny so much; but the little upsets an adult would hardly notice could threaten Johnny's life.

Medically speaking, up to one year Johnny is called an "infant." In his second year he is a "baby." Up to the age of six, the term for him is "young child," and from six to 14 he is an "older child." In other words, until 14 he is "growing up"; and at 14, roughly, he begins the process of becoming an adult.

So, medically speaking, it seems that Johnny will have one life up to the age of 14, and then a completely new one afterwards.

In the children's wards, the medical student sees many amazing things. He sees infants who are very ill because they got a few ounces too much of this or that in their diet. He sees a baby with a chest full of pus who gets perfectly well in a couple of days. (In an adult this would surely have been fatal.)

A young child who has fallen head-first from a window onto a metal roof two stories below is happy with his toys the next day. The worst kinds of pneumonia may last only a few days, and there are rarely complications. An entire half a brain is removed surgically, and a paralyzed mentally deficient child picks up in intelligence, and begins to use his muscles.

A child recovers without complications so quickly from pneumonia, or from pus in the chest space, because his flexible blood circulation system can withstand attacks better than the rigid circulation system of an adult. A child's skull is soft and elastic and can withstand falls much better than an adult's hard skull.

How can the removal of half a baby brain, instead of making things worse, increase intelligence and bring back power in paralyzed muscles? The diseased half was interfering with the function of the whole brain and nervous system. After it was removed, the remaining healthy half had enough extra young undeveloped cells to take over the functions of the lost half. Only in children are such wonders possible.

The greatest natural athletes in the world are children. Parents know how trying it is to keep up with their endless physical activity. Tommy, aged 11, plays ball in the hot summer sun from morning until dusk, and begs to be allowed to play more games after dark. Janet, aged nine, jumps rope for hours, and comes home reluctantly when called to meals.

After exercise, children's blood pressure, pulse and respiration rate return to normal in a fraction of the time it would take a healthy adult's. The warming-up period which athletes require before a contest is not necessary for children, who are always physiologically ready for great physical stress.

Because the warmth-regulating center in a child's brain is not completely developed yet, certain great changes in temperature hardly faze children, who adapt to freezing cold with comparatively little discomfort.

A family is tragically stranded in the mountains in sub-freezing temperatures. The parents perish, but the children survive, unharmed, and recuperate in a relatively short period of time.

During a heat spell in the midsummer months, large numbers of adults are treated for sunstroke or heat prostration. Children seem to be immune.

After injuries, children's wounds

heal faster. Recuperation from shock is quicker. Fevers drop faster. Response to medication is more prompt.

Broken bones knit in less than half the time it takes for adult bones, without residual defects. A fractured leg, for instance, can be strapped for weeks in the best possible position to heal, with the child lying straight on his back and his foot extended to a frame spanned directly above. (An adult couldn't tolerate such a posture more than 20 minutes.)

Loss of large amounts of blood from injuries sometimes causes a severe condition called "secondary anemia." A child's flexible blood-building apparatus replaces the lost blood in a few days; for an adult it might take a dangerously long time.

Having a tooth pulled is a painful, bloody event in an adult's life. He may not get over it for many days, while his jaw aches and chewing is uncomfortable. A child has his tooth pulled, the bleeding stops quickly, he eats a normal meal 30 minutes later, and forgets the whole thing in an hour.

Stories told about infants lost in the woods and suckled by animals could conceivably be true, pediatricians think. Newborns obtain their food through several automatic reflexes. One is the sucking reflex in which the infant sucks on whatever goes into his mouth; others are the "rooting," or groping and grasping reflexes by which the infant searches out his source of nourishment whenever he smells it or it touches his face or hands.

The elastic growing lenses of younger eyes allow children to observe moving objects, like television or outdoor spectacles, indefinitely—an occupation which tires adult eyes. The resilience of their hearing apparatus allows them to listen longer, too. And an opera star would envy the voice power and sturdy lungs of a child, who can talk, sing or cry with all its might, all day long.

Children's skin is softer, bathed in more abundant sebum from their skin glands, their muscles and ligaments more elastic, their mental reactions quicker, their fantasies richer, their emotional spontaniety greater than an adult's. And as the child reaches puberty, around 14 years of age, his natural health and physiological efficiency reach their peak.

BUT WOE to the infant, baby or child, if something goes wrong with his nourishment. His kidneys are not able to work so well yet, and can't keep fluids concentrated in the blood. So if an infant does not get just the right proportions of salts and starches and fluids in his diet, or if he loses extra water from diarrhea, his cells will dry out, and he will get a fever and be terribly sick. Also, an enormous amount of what he takes in is used only for purposes of growing, and a child has to grow to live.

In fact, almost everything in a child's life revolves around the two simple words, "growth" and "development." A disease in an adult is a disease, but in a child it is a "disease in a growing organism." His whole life force is devoted to *becoming* something, to getting formed, to reaching that goal of being grown up, without stopping on the way.

The child's muscle reflexes are different because certain parts of the nerve fibers haven't developed insulating sheaths. And that staring expression of uncritical interest and wonder on the baby's face—Johnny is busy developing mentally, too. He is collecting impressions of the world and forming his points of view.

Psychiatrists say that a child turns into a "criminal type" or an adjusted member of society from the very beginning, out of the first experiences he has of this world, not suddenly in later life. They stress the enormous importance of the first experiences at the mother's breast, that the child takes in not only milk but also warmth and love and security. They say if the child is frustrated frequently at the mother's breast, he could become a frustrated person his whole life. Personality and character develop in the early years just as firmly as arms and legs.

Some children get over diseases of retarded development quickly, when the nurses and attendants are patient and affectionate. On the other hand, some children perish in the hospital when there is no love waiting for them at home.

And in the matter of disease, many childhood illnesses must be diagnosed without oral help from the patient. In diagnosing appendicitis, for example, no matter which part of the baby's abdomen the doctor presses, if the baby feels bad he will cry, and the physician cannot tell just where the pain is located.

Baby's skin, however, can often show the doctor what words can't tell. In practically every disease that affects the skin in any way, from the simplest to the most serious, the young reactive skin will show more signs to help the doctor make his diagnosis than the adult skin. Usually this means he will find special rashes or bumps in key places.

There is one simple quality of the skin which is always a good indicat-

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but it can be such a BIG help

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or of baby's health. This quality is called "turgor," a word meaning how much water the cells contain, and how soft and elastic the skin feels to the examiner's hands.

Baby's fresh smooth skin is just the opposite of the dry brittle skin of a very old person. The cells in a healthy baby's skin should be almost bursting with water, and the physician mostly uses turgor as the best general indicator of a baby's health, better than growth measurements or appetite, or laboratory tests.

Every child develops differently, at his own rate; and when a child seems retarded in certain ways it does not necessarily mean that there is something organically wrong. He may be just taking his time growing up.

One of the most interesting and helpful explanations of the differences between children and adults can be found in the brain and spinal cord. Baby has almost as much "gray matter," or brain cells, as the adult; but the "white matter," or connecting pathways between cells, is very poorly developed in comparison. It is as if, in a radio, all the tubes and amplifiers and transformers and current were there, but the wires had not been connected yet. The radio won't work until the wires make the right connections.

Actually, it is a question of the insulating sheaths around the wires. These insulating sheaths around the long nerve fibers connecting up the gray matter develop slowly in the infant and child; and as they develop, the child becomes capable of performing more and more physical activities and mental functions.

The slow development of these nerve sheaths explains much about the child's behavior. He twists and fidgets more than an adult partly because the nerves controlling his muscles are not working in a coordinated way, all being in the process of getting their insulation.

Before these sheaths are built up the infant can hardly perform any act of his own willing. Almost everything he does is "reflex." If he is too hot or cold, or gets pinched on the leg, he just cries. He can't move his legs away from the pinching hand yet.

As the nerve fibers acquire their insulating sheaths, he gets to control his muscles and learns to crawl and walk. But it is not only a question of the nerves; for instance, to walk, his spine must grow straight first, to support his erect body. And his vision and sense of balance have developed in the meantime, too.

Everything in the fields of anatomy, physiology and pathology seems to have a special difference when applied to children, because a child is mainly a developing organism, while an adult's organism is fully formed.

In the early Renaissance, around the beginning of the 14th century, the masters painted children to look like miniature adults. Pictures called "Madonna and Child" of those days actually look more like "Madonna and Very Small Man." Later, the artists learned to represent children as subjects quite different from adults, subjects very special in their own right. Which is what children are. And it will be better for them—and for us—when we realize it.

That old-time religion comes back

by RICHARD CARTER

THE FASTEST-GROWING Protestant religion today is the Pentecostal movement, whose members used to be nicknamed "Holy Rollers" but which has become too important to remain a target of derision. In barely half a century, this dynamic young version of old-time fundamentalism has produced spectacularly successful leaders such as Oral Roberts and the late Aimee Semple McPherson, has won the devotion of at least 2,000,000 Americans of every racial and religious origin and, through zealous foreign missionary work, has gained thousands of converts on every continent.

To achieve and sustain this remarkable progress, the religion has had to live down the antics of early evangelists who sought attention by swallowing alleged poison or permitting themselves to be bitten by supposedly poisonous snakes; and it has had to rid itself of adventurers who sometimes succeeded in transforming its wildly emotional services into unspeakable orgies.

Having accomplished these things, the movement has established its respectability and won acceptance in most American communities. Yet it is still a religion of violent contrasts.

It is a religion in which dramatic evangelists and faith healers such as Oral Roberts contrast with congregations composed almost exclusively of the obscure, the modest, the economically and socially unaccomplished. It is a religion in which solemn adherence to the literal letter of Holy Scripture contrasts with loud, uninhibited and even boisterous prayer.

It is a religion in which murky store-front churches contrast with million-dollar edifices. It is a religion whose ministers, soft-spoken and gentle outside the pulpit, become shriekers and arm-wavers inside it, generating a commotion which makes the late Billy Sunday seem restrained and scholarly, and Billy Graham a model of spiritual calm.

More important, however, the Pentecostal movement has tremendous appeal, much of which lies in the fact that the Pentecostals stress the miracles of faith healing to a degree unequaled by other religions. To Pentecostals, miraculous recoveries from illness and disability are everyday occurrences proving the power of prayer.

An example is the case of Ludwig Blum of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who reported his experience in the August 4, 1957, issue of *The Pentecostal Evangel,* national publication of the largest international Pentecostal Fellowship, the Assemblies of God. Blum wrote:

"The tests and X rays showed that a small TB spot on my right lung had grown so rapidly in one month's time that the entire upper half of the lung had become infected.

"When my pastor, Glenn Horst, came to visit me . . . I had been placed in isolation, and . . . the pastor . . . was not permitted to touch me, but he stood at the foot of my bed and prayed.

"Brother Horst came again the next day and this time he laid his hands upon me as he prayed for me. The presence of the Lord was very real and we both wept as Brother Horst prayed for me. Before he left I requested that on the Sunday evening broadcast the radio choir sing, 'Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour. . . .' That Sunday evening, as the choir sang, Christ came into my room and His healing virtue went through my body.

"The next day, as the doctors were running their tests and checkups, they found that all the tests were negative! . . . They took some more X rays and called in the specialist to read them and he kept exclaiming, 'This is a miracle! This is a miracle!' "

According to Blum and Pastor Horst, all subsequent tests proved that the tubercular lesion had been healed. Completely. Overnight. And he has been healthy since.

Pentecostal prayers are the most ardently devotional of any religion. But what sets the prayers apart is the phenomenon that often accompanies them—when the worshipper enjoys the experience known as Baptism in the Holy Spirit. At such times, Pentecostals believe that they are filled with the Holy Ghost, which speaks through them in unknown languages. This phenomenon is believed to parallel the events of the Day of Pentecost, or Whitsunday, when the apostles "began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." (Acts 2:4).

Here is what a convert wrote of that experience:

". . . waves of glory swept over me and when they came I praised God with a loud voice and in the spirit I clapped my hands and rejoiced. . . . After a long and glorious season of uncontrollable praise, there came . . . a blessed quietness and in that holy calm I gave honor to the new power, the Holy One, *in words that I formed not* and which I shall never forget—'Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost; praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him; glory, glory, glory to God!'

"After several minutes of this wonderful manifestation of God's great power, the speaking ceased and there reigned a heavenly peace—such peace as I had never known."

This rapture, this overpowering sense of having been possessed by God, is one of the most significant aspects of the faith. When combined with miraculous healing and unwavering certitude that all questions are answered by Scripture, it is believed to account for the appeal of the movement.

SIXTY YEARS AGO, Southern revivalists began experiencing the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and undertook to base a new, non-denominational faith on the phenomenon. During its first ten years, the movement gained a foothold, particularly in Kansas and California.

Revival meetings were held in tents or behind store-fronts. The characteristic moans and wails, the insistently rhythmical singing, the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, the rattle of tambourines and the caterwauling of off-key musical instruments were detested as nuisances. Unbelievers who looked in on the services and saw grown men and women writhing on the floor coined the term "Holy Rollers" and dismissed the Pentecostals as fanatics.

Other religious groups, both modernists and old-time fundamentalists, continue to regard the unbridled emotional worship of the Pentecostals as hysteria, extremism, fanaticism. But criticism is rarely voiced in public. "After all," one theologian points out, "no matter what you say about the Pentecostals, they are filling a need among people."

Forty years ago, the largest Pentecostal group, the Assemblies of God, had fewer than 11,000 members; but as of July, 1957, the fellowship encompassed about 8,000 congregations with an enrolled membership approaching 500,000, and a Sunday school roster of 825,000. Its missionaries reported 575,000 foreign converts.

In many an American city, the Assembly of God store-front is only a memory and the congregation occupies the newest, prettiest stone church in town. The magnificent new Calvary Temple in Denver, an outstanding example, cost just under $1,000,000 and seats 2,189 worshipers.

The Assemblies have 756 missionaries in 69 different foreign lands, and an annual budget for such activity in excess of $3,000,000. As a result, the faith has become the second largest religion in Sweden and the largest Protestant sect in Italy.

To train new ministers, the Assemblies maintain eight Bible institutes in the U. S., all of which are fully accredited in their field. Two of the schools offer courses at the junior college level. Two give a Bachelor of Arts degree.

All these evidences of growth are actually an inadequate guide to the truth about Pentecostal influence. For hundreds of congregations are never included in official statistics because they are completely independent and so distrustful of organization that they decline to affiliate with any of the dozen loose national fellowships that have arisen. Even the relatively well-organized Assemblies of God insist that it is nothing but a voluntary fellowship in which each member church is entirely autonomous.

Besides the usual tracts, street-corner meetings and tent revivals, the movement utilizes radio and television to an extent far greater than that achieved by much larger religious groups. In most cities and towns, Pentecostal sermons are regular Sunday features on at least one local radio station. In addition, on Sunday evenings, the Assemblies of God present "Revivaltime" over the American Broadcasting Company radio network.

The country's best-known television evangelist and layer-on of hands, Oral Roberts, is a member of the Pentecostal Holiness fellowship. His showmanly healing services have been seen by millions, some of whom have undoubtedly been shocked and offended but few of whom have been indifferent.

Pentecostal ministers, devoutly positive that faith cures all ills, regard Roberts as a pillar of the movement. Seldom critical of even his most pronounced theatrics, these clergymen speak with unqualified pride of his influence throughout Protestantism.

"The other denominations are all beginning to emphasize healing," says one typical Penetecostal pastor, slightly exaggerating Roberts' effect on the older sects. "The reason," he goes on, "is that the people see what real born-again faith can do, and they demand it from their own churches."

So many persons have, in fact, been awed by Roberts' fervor and by the healing miracles which seem to take place before his television cameras that they have been jamming halls to see him in person.

That such potential converts seldom live in the better neighborhoods, seldom hold the better jobs and are unlikely to be especially well-educated is happily verified by Pentecostal authorities. The general secretary of the General Council of the Assemblies of God, Rev. J. Roswell Flower, explains, as Pentecostals explain all things, with a quotation from the Bible:

"In his first epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter One, verse 27, Paul wrote: '. . . God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty. . . .' "

Pentecostal worship is direct, informal, spoken communication with the Lord, undertaken ad lib, whenever and however one feels impelled. Whether there is singing, preaching, instrumental music, the testimony of converts or group prayer, the individual worshiper is free to voice his praise as he wills.

The service is therefore punctuated with a rhythmical succession of exclamations: "Praise the Lord forever . . . Hallelujah . . . Amen . . . Hallelujah God . . . Praise the Lord . . . Praise Jesus . . . I love you, God . . . Thank you, thank you, thank you, Jesus."

With each outcry, the worshiper feels closer to the Presence, more in tune, and the feeling is heightened by the hammering accents of the music, the ebb and flow of the preacher's voice and the harmonious cries of the other communicants.

"Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah," chants the preacher, eyes closed, face alight, head shaking slowly from side to side, "thank you, thank you, thank you, God." Many of the worshipers begin writhing in their seats, arms raised overhead, hands waving from the wrists, chorusing in praise as they try to reach God with voice and hand.

After many such paeans and several hymns, the sermon starts, often on an earthy note. At one Eastern church a lady evangelist recently announced that her subject was "The Sin That Makes Our Lord Nauseated—The Sin That Makes Jesus Christ Want To Vomit." A detached observer might have criticized the evangelist's grammar, her

In the belief he can ameliorate her ills, Oral Roberts "lays hands" on devout follower.

pronunciation, some of the assertions which she offered in guise of fact. But such an observer would have been missing the forest for the trees: the evangelist was setting the congregation ablaze with love of God.

As in the great majority of Pentecostal messages, no heed was given to worldly matters, politics, economics, social responsibilties. Indeed, all that really mattered was the voice, rising and falling in pitch and volume, maintaining the hot rhythm, lashing the emotions.

After such a sermon there may be a fervent hymn and then comes the climax, the final prayer. Members of the congregation, often stumbling, move to the altar and kneel, some with their heads resting on the front pews or against the altar itself. The preacher starts the prayer in the usual ad lib style, praising, praising, thanking, thanking, and soon some of the worshipers are flinging their hands to heaven, screaming their love, "speaking in tongues."

The sense of release and accomplishment which Pentecostals derive from their devotions is enhanced, of course, by their conviction that they have found the only road to blessed life after death. To them, life on earth is merely a preparation for death, or for the second coming of Christ, which they regard as imminent.

They forswear worldly pleasures. Most of the women wear no makeup. Dancing, smoking and alcohol are banned. The theater is avoided. Even television, at first, was viewed with suspicion, except for Oral Roberts' program. To "speak in tongues" and draw closer to God become fulfilments of eternal value against which worldly considerations pale to nothingness.

A veteran Assembly of God minister, Dr. Nelson J. Kenyon, of Butler, New Jersey, puts it this way, "We are not trying to save the world." He smiles peacefully. "We are trying to save people from the world."

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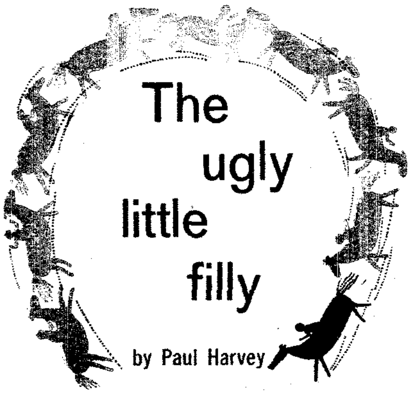


The ugly little filly

by Paul Harvey

THE UGLIEST HORSE ever born became the greatest race horse that ever lived. She was foaled, this knobby-kneed, spindly-legged, short-necked horseling, one night in 1874 on the estate of a nobleman in Hungary. He named the ungainly little filly Kincsem (which, ironically, translates "My Treasure") and craftily sold her with several other horses in a package.

A few nights later, a band of gypsies broke into the new owner's stables and stole Kincsem. When those gypsies were caught and the homely mare was returned, the owner asked the leader of the band why, of all his horses, he had stolen Kincsem.

The dark-eyed gypsy chief replied, "This ugly mare one day will become the greatest race horse in the world. It is in the star under which she was born. No matter what, she cannot lose!"

Kincsem's proportions were not right for a race horse. Weak hindquarters, particularly. But in June of 1876, as a two-year-old, she ran. And . . . she won. Nobody was more surprised than her owner. Two weeks later, again she crossed the finish line the winner.

And here is a strange thing—they could never get Kincsem up to the line for the start. No matter how hard her jockey tried, she would not move up with the other horses. Only when the field was off and she heard the sudden pounding of their hoofs . . . then she would take off after the others . . . and catch them . . . and pass them.

Kincsem was entered to run against the winner of the German Derby in the Continent's biggest race of the year. She was still gazing when the field broke. Then her ears went up . . . she pulled herself together and, with a great push from her skinny hindquarters, launched herself in pursuit. Her break was grotesque, but her stride was smooth.

Into the first turn, Kincsem was cutting around the tailenders on the outside . . . and when the horses turned into the stretch for home, the knobby-kneed miracle was pulling farther out front with every stride.

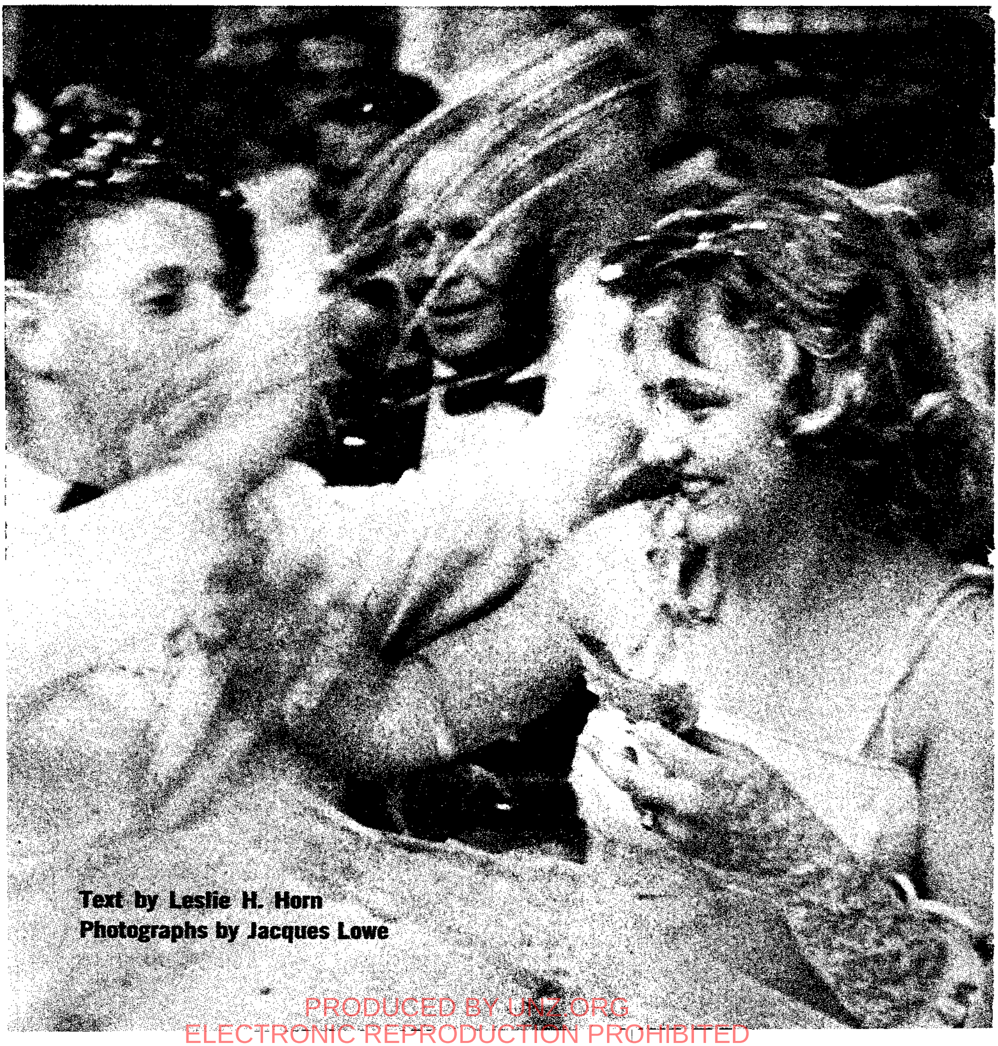
Kincsem won every race she ran as a two-year-old. Then as a three-year-old . . . fast track or sloppy. Bookmakers finally refused to accept bets on her . . . at any odds. In 54 major races before she was retired . . . she won every one! That's the official record, which stands unequaled to this day.

Whether or not it was the spell of a gypsy's prediction or the star under which Kincsem was born—the unwanted foal became undisputed Queen of the Sport of Kings.

From *"The Rest of the Story,"* published by Hanover House, Garden City, New York. Copyright 1956 by Paul Harvey.

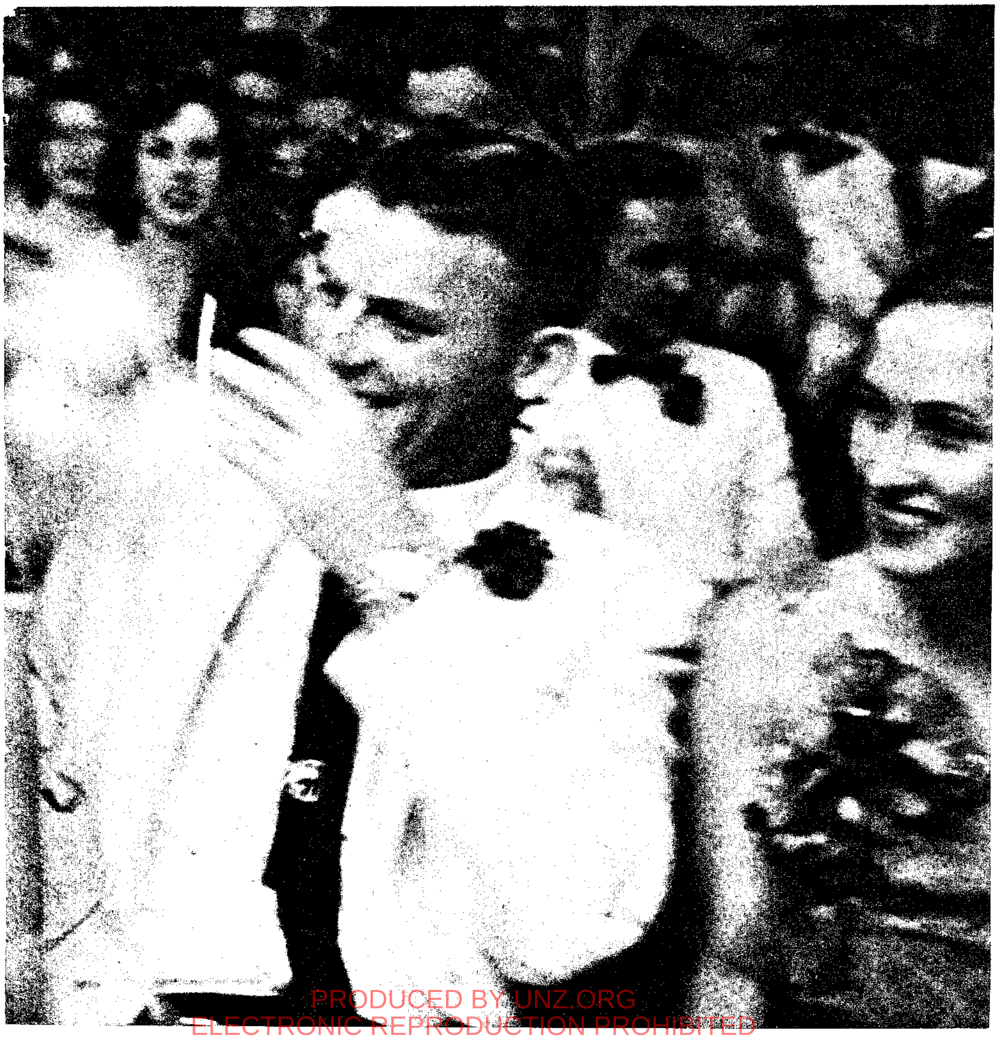
Instead of rockin' and rollin' into trouble, they had a ball on the town

ALL-NIGHT PROM

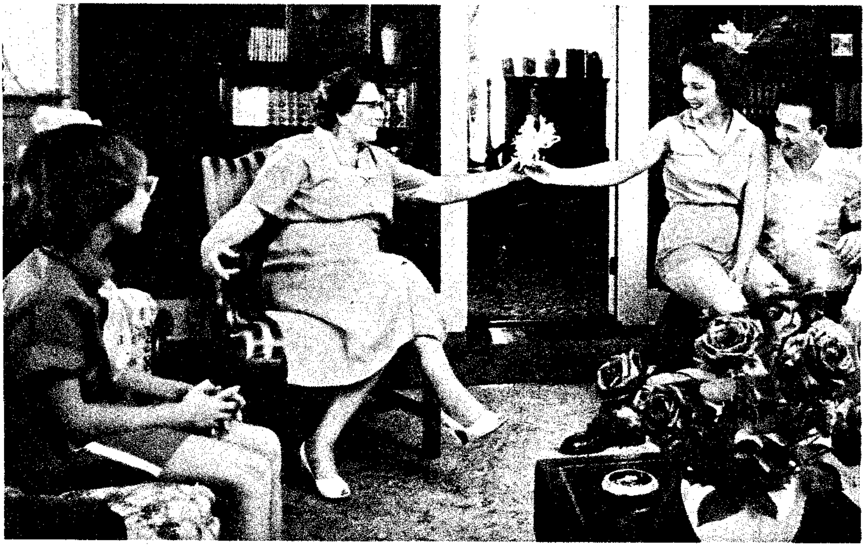


Text by Leslie H. Horn
Photographs by Jacques Lowe

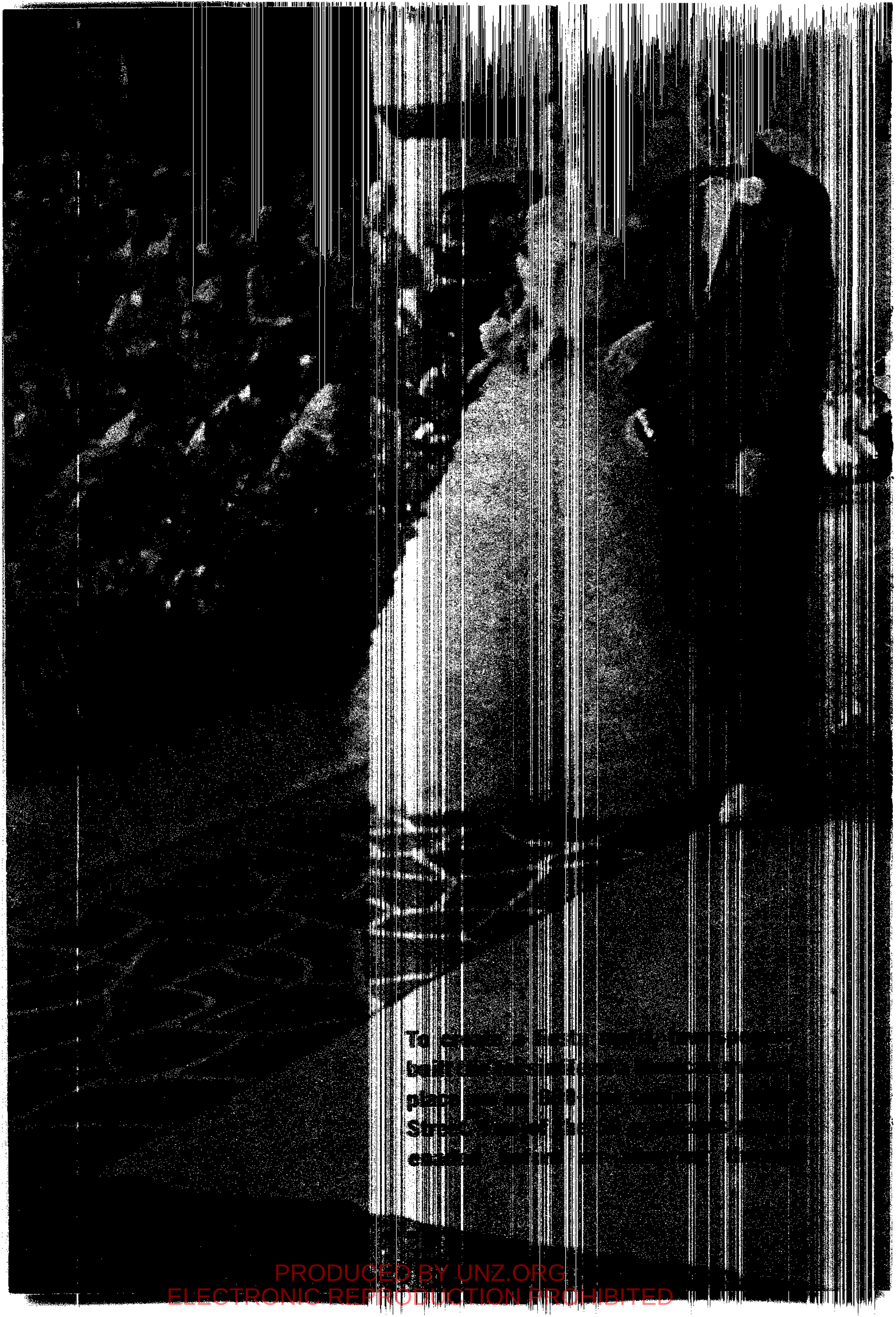
Once a year in Prescott, Arkansas (pop. 4,000), some 350 teenagers stay out until dawn on prom night — and their parents are delighted. The reason: their youngsters are special guests at Prescott's Annual All-Night Festival, instead of racing around the countryside, as in previous years, looking for excitement — and sometimes finding trouble. The idea was sparked by a CORONET article published in January, 1953; and the kids love it.



Virginia Hays, 17-year-old, 120-pound brunette, and her close friend and co-salutatorian, Margie Nell Clark, a 17-year-old blonde, spent weeks in excited preparations for the big night — last May 17th. Choosing gowns and matching accessories was as absorbing, albeit more pleasing, as a problem in algebra. (Below) On the big day, Virginia shows her aunt and cousin the orchid which her date, John H. Langley Jr., 17, has just brought her. Later, the girls spent the final afternoon hours under beauty-parlor hair dryers, then nervously nibbled candy and gulped soda until it was time to dress. Ahead loomed a stupendous evening — dinner, dancing, radio interviews, pictures, a movie première, entertainment, breakfast and finally a dawn chapel service.



Candlelight wove an air of glamour for Virginia, who smiles across the dinner table at her date. The meal for the 350 prom-goers was prepared and served by Prescott adults. A thousand local citizens donated 10,000 hours of labor, and costs were paid by the high school PTA and the Chamber of Commerce. Pop music experts among the youngsters said that the stuff beaten out by an Arkadelphia orchestra was "real wild."



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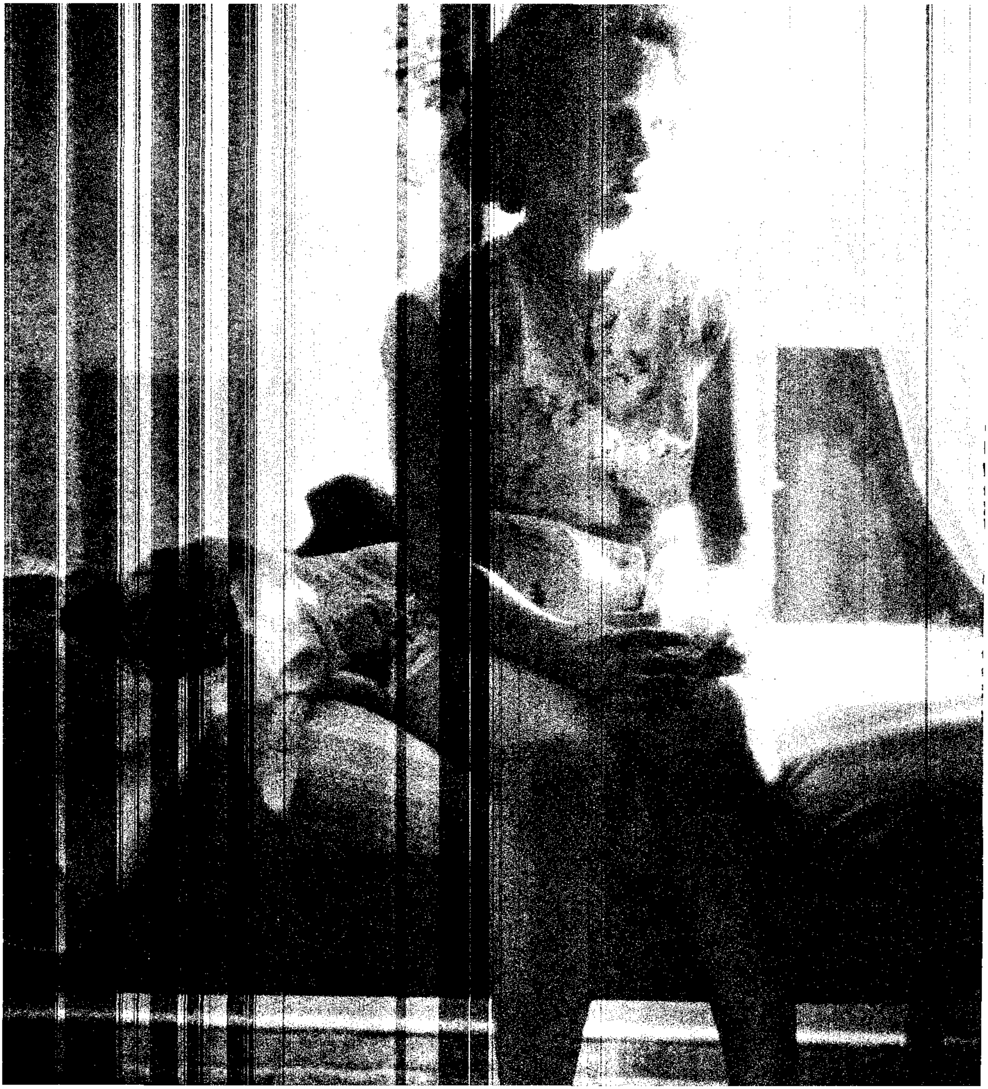
All Prescott citizens backed the Festival. Civic clubs got into the act too; they bought souvenirs for the seniors — earrings for the girls and tie clips for the boys. In addition, the Chamber of Commerce dug into its treasury to help make up the $240 expenses. The midnight première at Prescott's movie house tickled the critical palates of the youngsters (upper right). Later, until 3 A.M., entertainers brought in from Little Rock danced and sang and did tricks for their all-night audience (below). At 4 A.M., with appetites for horseplay as strong as their yen for food (lower right), promgoers scrambled for the menu before being served a bacon-and-eggs breakfast in the First Methodist Church vestry by the steadfast, but tiring, adults. (Some of them worked 15 hours straight.)

Much later, with the first smudge of dawn in the sky, the honored guests, weary now, filed upstairs for a half-hour non-sectarian religious service in the church sanctuary. It was a crisp, new day when John bid Virginia good morning on her porch steps. Dawn was brightening into day and Virginia sipped a glass of milk and savored the night's events before turning in. Meanwhile, throughout the town exhausted adults crawled into bed uttering their own prayers—of thanks. Prescott, by its concerted efforts, had succeeded in keeping its kids home on a prom night for the fifth straight year; by any yardstick, a feat.



OUR RELENTLESS FIGHT AGAINST RUST

by **Norman and Madelyn Carlisle**

ONE DAY AN INSPECTOR in a factory turning out delicate bearings for military instruments looked with horror at a batch of the tiny spheres. What he saw sent him rushing to the front office with news of serious trouble, possibly sabotage.

A short time later, a corrosion engineer studied the bearings, then asked, "Add any new employees recently?"

The supervisor admitted he had, but protested, "She's one of our most reliable workers. Just transferred her from another department."

The engineer smiled. "Bet you money she has curly red hair."

The supervisor stared in amazement. "Why yes, she has. But what's that got to do with it?"

"Plenty," the engineer answered, and went on to explain that the mysterious rust spots on the bearings were caused, though unwittingly, by perspiration from the new employee.

The curly red hair? In his work as a rust sleuth, the engineer had learned a curious fact: curly redheads perspire more than blondes or brunettes and their more moist fingertips leave a definite mark on highly polished metal.

The case of the rust-causing redhead is just one of the oddities encountered by corrosion fighters—the engineers and chemists who are combatting an enemy that costs Americans $6,000,000,000 a year. For instance, rust eats up more than $66,000,000 worth of engine mufflers annually.

The rust fighters find their skills challenged not only by the red destroyer itself, but by the fact that most people know almost nothing about the way rust forms.

A New England householder, for example, moved into a newly built home equipped with copper plumbing throughout—yet rusty water flowed from the faucets. Enraged, he called the contractor, who swore he had installed the rust-proof plumbing ordered.

"The trouble must be outside the house," he said. "Call the water company."

The water company dug up the outside pipes. They showed no trace of rust.

A corrosion engineer at last found the solution: the contracting plumber had connected the copper plumbing to a steel water tank which was not rust-proof; and in so doing set in motion a curious sequence of events.

When water touches metal, electric currents begin to flow from one part of the metal to another—or to another more attractive metal object.

At the point from which the current flows, a tiny flake of metal is loosened by an electro-chemical reaction. It oxidizes—combines with oxygen—to form the compound we call rust. If the process goes unchecked, the currents will eventually convert the entire thickness of the metal to rust.

In this particular house, the current ran from the more active areas in the steel tank to less active areas there, forming rust which then flowed through the piping.

To foil those rust-creating currents, corrosion engineers have produced new weapons ranging from handy chemicals for lawn furniture to a fabulous gadget that protects the ships of the U.S. Navy.

Walk into the laboratory of a major oil company and you can witness one of the most astonishing of these new rust-fighters at work. In one tank of water is a steel saw, rusty red, deeply corroded. In another tank of water, is an identical saw—but its bright metal surface gleams like new.

The explanation? When the saws were placed in the water, a chemist dropped a handful of white crystals into the tank in which the unrusted saw now lies. Those crystals created an invisible shield around the saw, providing it with a "raincoat" that was impervious to the ravages of rust.

Scientists have a jaw-breaking chemical name for the white crystal, but it is popularly called, "Dichan." VPI—Vapor Phase Inhibitor—is the trade name.

A tool or piece of sporting equipment wrapped in paper to which it has been added will not rust, even if kept in a damp basement—or outdoors. A few of the white salt-like crystals tossed in a car trunk or boat locker will keep any metal contents safe from rust for months.

Laboratory men have been dreaming up scores of new variations of the world's oldest rust-stopper, paint. In one housing development, for example, the gutters and downspouts rusted by the hundreds just three years after construction. Homeowners complained to the builder, who replied that he had not only used the best galvanized metal but had also painted it promptly with the best quality paint.

A rust sleuth told him the unhappy truth. The paint he had used practically guaranteed that the gutters would be destroyed. It seems there's a tricky reaction between ordinary paint and a metal surface that's been coated with galvanized zinc. In it, the paint is actually forced away from the metal.

What the builder should have used was a paint chemists have developed by employing the theory that zinc will stick to zinc. Particles of this metal in the pigment enable it to fuse with the galvanized surface.

In Miami, when one power blackout after another was traced to rusted underground cables, the power company called in a corrosion engineer. He had an answer—the same one the rust fighters had for the U.S. Navy when it became worried several years ago about the expense of keeping up our 2,000 vessel "mothball fleet." It also happens to be a remedy that can save millions for homeowners by providing cheap protection for water heaters, fuel tanks and plumbing systems.

What the engineers do is to set a thief to catch a thief.

"Rust," they say, "is electrical. So we fight it with electricity."

A corrosion engineer of Dow Chemical explains it this way: "Our idea is something like the sacrificial goat scheme they used in native villages in India that were menaced by a tiger. You know, they'd tether a goat at the edge of a village—and the tiger would eat the goat instead of a villager.

"We provide an electrically active piece of metal we don't care about—let it be the goat—and the currents flow from it instead of from the tank, or pipe, or ship we don't want eaten."

The Dow men found electrically attractive magnesium to be just the right metal for their "sacrificial anode," as they called it. And now all over the world engineers are hastening to apply this principle of letting rust-causing currents eat up expendable pieces of metal.

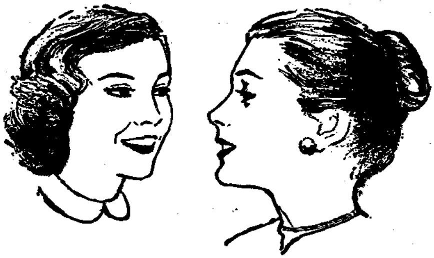
Magnesium bars placed on the anchored ships of the mothball fleet, or right on the hulls of active ships, corrode, but the hulls remain rust-free. Magnesium rods driven into the ground and connected to vulnerable pipes keep them from rusting. An underground oil tank with such a rod driven into the ground near it will cost a homeowner about a dollar's worth of magnesium a year. In a hot water tank, a sacrificial anode costs even less.

Steel is the natural target of rust, but the corrosion fighters are helping it fend off its enemy by marrying it to plastics—plastic tapes that zip on over it, spray-on plastics that coat it with a metal-hard surface you can't scratch with a knife, liquid rubber that makes a springy, rust-impervious surface.

Last year, the rust fighters knocked approximately $1,000,000,000 off our national bill for corrosion. When their new weapons are fully used, they predict they'll do a lot better than that in outwitting the red destroyer.

Improving on the Dictionary

SMILE: radiant lighting.
OPTIMIST: happychondriac. —*Patterson Patter*



Today's healthy relationship between mother and daughter includes the frank answering of questions

What Mothers Can Tell Their Daughters About Internal Sanitary Protection

IN THE WELTER of publicity about juvenile delinquency and "wildness," one significant fact is often overlooked; more than 90% of today's teen-agers are responsible, reliable young people.

One reason sociologists give is a close relationship in the home. Actually, the relationship between mother and daughter is usually closer, franker, than ever before in history. She asks; you answer—and when she asks about Tampax® internal sanitary protection (as she is almost bound to do) you treat the whole subject in the same restrained, informative way you treat all personal problems.

How did Tampax come to be? A little over twenty years ago, Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single, active or not. He based it on the well-known medical principle of internal absorption.

Why do so many millions of girls start with Tampax, stay with Tampax? Tampax Incorporated has built up an extremely reassuring relationship with women over the past two decades. Many mothers have been using Tampax for years. They understand it; they recommend it; they often encourage their daughters to learn to use it.

What does the user gain from Tampax? Countless letters from Tampax users tell time and again of the comfort, security, the poise and confidence that Tampax brings. Users often say they are apt to forget there's a difference in days of the month.

Within the three Tampax absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) there's a right protection for everyone's needs. In use now all over the world, Tampax is making an accepted contribution to modern living.

Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Advertisement)

...Relax-A-cizor The New Way to Reduce at Home...

*No diet . . . No Weight-loss

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests ...*at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax-A-cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Mexico City 14-68-16; La Cresta, Panama 3-1899.

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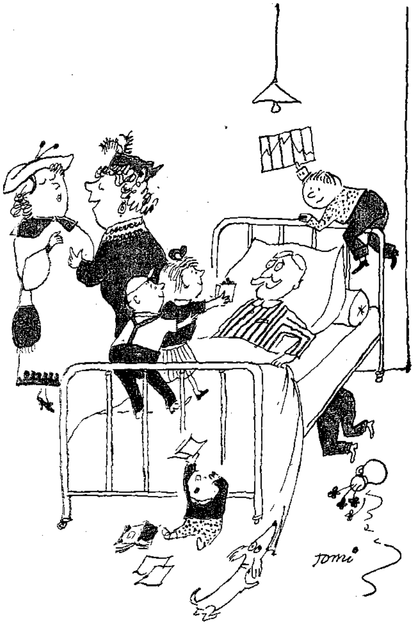

OPERATION grandpa

by K. N. HARDIN

The old gent finds a suture has no future as a conversation piece

During my lifetime I have had the good fortune to enjoy excellent health. I don't mean to leave the impression that I've never been sick at *all,* because I have from time to time suffered from some rather exotic diseases—depending on what medical article I have just read. You see, I suffer from a strong reader identification complex, and invariably I developed the symptoms I read about. But I also gleaned quite a smattering of medical information.

Consequently, when I developed a nagging pain in my abdomen last month, I diagnosed it as a touch of indigestion, prescribed bicarbonate of soda and proceeded triumphantly to my family physician to have my diagnosis and treatment confirmed.

The doctor listened politely to my symptoms and prognosis, then calmly announced that from all indications I had appendicitis. Over my protests that it was just a touch of indigestion, he probed about, ran some tests, and ordered me to see a surgeon at once.

I don't mind admitting that he had me sort of nervous, and on the way to the surgeon's office I called my wife. The news got her pretty upset too—seems I didn't have a decent pair of pajamas to wear in the hospital.

The surgeon's office was one of those modern places with soothing music piped in. I was shown to a small examination room where I cooled my heels until a young boy stuck his head in and asked if he could help me.

"No, thanks, son," I said. "I'm waiting to see the doctor about my indigestion."

It turned out that the young boy was the surgeon, and before I quite knew what was happening I was in the hospital and being given a shot of something that made me feel pleasantly devil-may-care when they carted me into the operating room.

I seem to recall cautioning the surgeon to make sure I was com-

Athanasios may build you a book case someday

Athanasios has decided to become a cabinet maker. He's only 9, and already he shows great aptitude for carving bits of wood into little animals.

But Athanasios may never realize his ambition. His parents looked to a bright future; then Communist bands began to terrorize Greece and Athanasios' father was recalled into the National Guard. Hostilities have ceased but the couple is forced to live in a tiny two-room house with their four children for whom their shepherd-father cannot adequately provide. Their mother finds seasonal work at almond harvest time, but Athanasios may soon be forced to leave school, and go to work to supplement the family's income—unless someone like you can help this promising boy.

What you can do for only $10 a month

There are 5,000 overseas children like Athanasios who, thanks to the generosity of American friends, are sponsored through Save the Children Federation. An SCF Sponsorship means food, clothing, cash benefits and most important—hope! A child like Athanasios can be "your child." You will receive his story and photograph and may correspond with the child and the family. SCF invites you to help.

SCF National Sponsors include: Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, Norman Rockwell, Dr. R. W. Sockman.

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Name..

Address..

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CONTRIBUTIONS ARE DEDUCTIBLE FROM INCOME TAX pletely under before making the incision, and I think he mumbled something about tending to my law business and he'd take care of the medical trade, but I wouldn't swear to it.

The next day my family arrived to pay their dutiful respects and I suffered a severe setback when my nine-year-old grandson came over to the bed, held my hand and earnestly asked me if I were going to die.

"Not if I can help it!" I snapped feebly.

"Well, if you *do*," he persisted, "will you give me your portable radio?"

I gave him a short answer, and shooed everybody out of the room.

Now ordinarily I'm not one to complain, but this being in the hospital is strictly for the birds. They gave me a pillow with a plastic case which kept the pillow sliding out from under my head and onto the floor, leaving me the case to sleep on. They woke me up in the middle of the night to give me sleeping pills, and perfect strangers came in and asked me the most intimate questions.

But then when *I* asked a nurse what my temperature was, she rolled her eyes, looked mysterious and informed me firmly that she was sorry but she couldn't give out that information. My *own* temperature, mind you!

While I wasn't yet out of the jaws of death, the day nurse came in and announced pleasantly, "This morning we're going to walk to the bathroom."

I told her to speak for herself, and pulled the covers up over my head, but she hauled me out of bed anyhow.

I crept up the hall practically on all fours and discovered that she had routed quite a number of other patients out of bed for the same trip because there were several fellows in line ahead of me. They got to telling me about their operations and ailments, and I couldn't have put a word in edgewise to tell them about mine even if I had the strength—which I hadn't.

I will say, though, that I certainly received a lion's share of attention while I was in the hospital.

My eldest daughter brought her youngsters in to see me and they stood around and eyed me with curiosity. She had allowed them to select their own gifts for me so I was presented with a box of crayons and two color books, and cautioned to stay in the lines.

My six-year-old grandson brought me a sack of all-day suckers. But I was disappointed to find that they didn't taste as good as they used to.

My 13-year-old grandson came in after school one day and requested my appendix for his collection of odd specimens. I called the nurse, only to discover that my appendix had to be sent to the lab.

My grandson was stunned. "It's *your* appendix isn't it? You *paid* for it, didn't you?" he demanded. "Looks to me like you could do what you wanted with it."

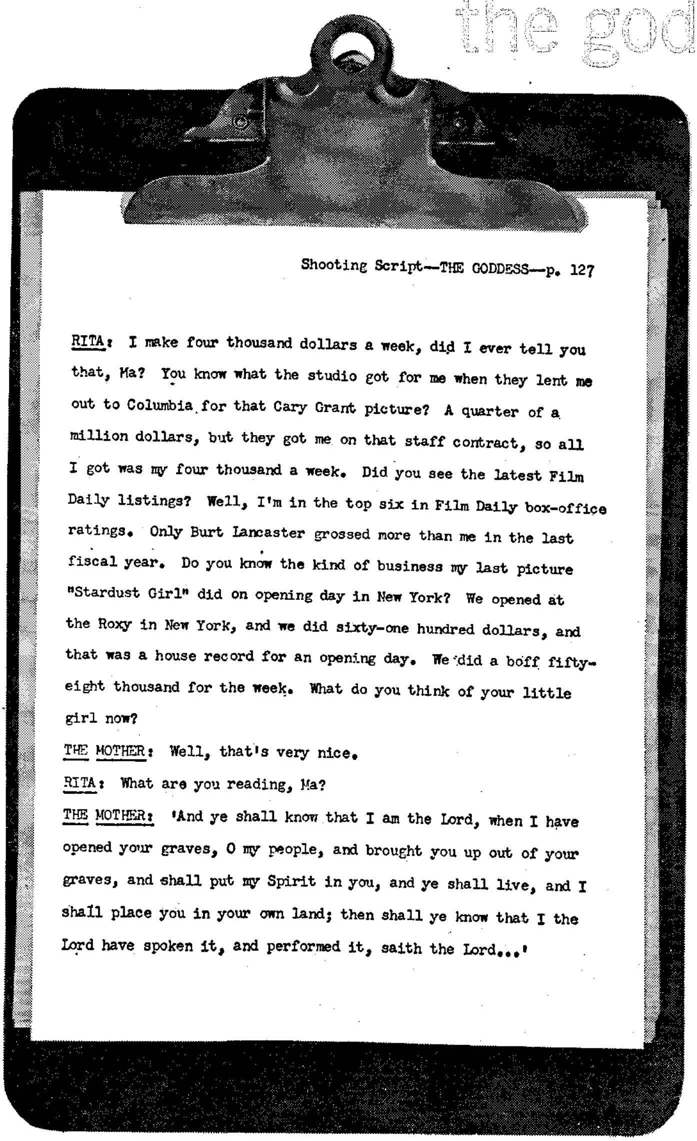
Frankly, I thought he had a point there, but I was too weak to argue it.

I rather dreaded the visit of my twin grandsons, but it wasn't too bad. The boys rolled my bed up into

next month,
esquire's
preview of

the goddess*

the screenplay
of paddy
chayefsky's
film:
the rise and
fall of
a hollywood
star



Shooting Script—THE GODDESS—p. 127

RITA: I make four thousand dollars a week, did I ever tell you that, Ma? You know what the studio got for me when they lent me out to Columbia for that Cary Grant picture? A quarter of a million dollars, but they got me on that staff contract, so all I got was my four thousand a week. Did you see the latest Film Daily listings? Well, I'm in the top six in Film Daily box-office ratings. Only Burt Lancaster grossed more than me in the last fiscal year. Do you know the kind of business my last picture "Stardust Girl" did on opening day in New York? We opened at the Roxy in New York, and we did sixty-one hundred dollars, and that was a house record for an opening day. We did a boff fifty-eight thousand for the week. What do you think of your little girl now?

THE MOTHER: Well, that's very nice.

RITA: What are you reading, Ma?

THE MOTHER: 'And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land; then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord...'

* the goddess, in book form, will be issued by Simon & Schuster on the day of the premiere of the film

a V shape while my wife chatted with my daughter about the woman down the hall who had just had a gall bladder operation.

Fortunately, my wife looked up and saw what was happening and exclaimed, "Boys! Stop that! Do you want to break the hospital's nice bed?"

Just when I was beginning to feel like my old pre-operative self again, I suffered another setback. Two of my friends visited me and when I proudly exhibited my scar, which was then covered by a small transparent bandage, they nudged each other and grinned.

"Look at that. Still got his stitches," one of them exclaimed.

"Boy, just wait till they take those out!" the other roared.

The anticipation of having my stitches removed caused me a sleepless night. But do you think for a moment I got a sleeping pill? Not on your life! Apparently one gets sleeping pills only when one sleeps well.

On the sixth day of my stay I was surprised to discover that I was beginning to find hospital routine comforting, if not downright pleasant. The food suddenly became palatable. I found myself looking forward to the six o'clock coffee wagon which came around for people who liked early morning coffee. Then close on the heels of the coffee wagon came the paper boy, and after breakfast the orderlies arrived on the scene to bathe me.

Life was a wonderful thing, I decided as I sat there in bed smoking a cigar and looking at the portable TV set which my son had brought in.

At that moment my surgeon—the boy wonder—bounded into the room and announced that he had good news.

"What is it?" I asked suspiciously.

"You can go home today."

"Home?" I exclaimed. "I can't go home. I'm a *sick man,* doc!"

My protests were overruled, however. And it was probably just as well, because when I staggered weakly down to the desk to pay my bill I discovered that another week would have necessitated my carrying bed pans to work my way out.

We had a family dinner soon after I came home, and I looked forward to it eagerly because I wanted to tell everyone all about my operation.

Unfortunately, my expectations were short-lived. Before I had even gone under the anesthetic, my wife interrupted to inject a few interesting highlights of her overhaul ten years ago. My daughter followed closely with an account of her Caesarean section.

I retreated to the TV room where my grandchildren were gathered, and thought I'd find an audience there. But, before I even got started good, I was regaled with accounts of five tonsillectomys and one boil lancing.

It's a sad state of affairs when a man has to corner perfect strangers on the street to tell about one of the most interesting appendectomys in medical history.

THE IDEAL husband is one who compares other women with his wife . . . instead of vice versa. —HAL CHADWICK

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Tested by doctors . . . proved in hospital clinics

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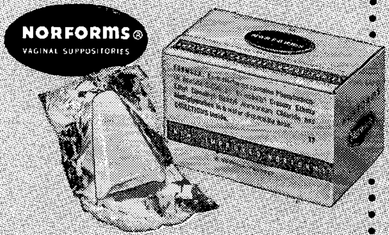
Tested by doctors . . . Trusted by women



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APT ANSWERS

WHEN AN OLD-TIME hunter had his cap blown off his head during the deer hunting season in Northern California, he had an inspiration. He made himself a suit of canvas awning cloth with alternate stripes of black and white and sallied forth into the woods, where he was promptly shot by an inexperienced hunter.

At the inquest, the remorseful novice took the stand as a witness.

"You're not accused of killing old Bill intentionally," said the coroner, "but it does seem funny to me and the jury here that he was dressed in striped clothes which could be seen a mile away, while you were standing not a hundred yards from him. How could you mistake him for a deer?"

"I didn't," replied the man. "I thought he was a zebra." —*Wall Street Journal*

THE OWNER of a men's haberdashery was greeted outside his store by a friend who asked: "How's business?"

"Pretty good," replied the merchant. "I haven't had a customer all day."

"What's so good about that?" his friend wanted to know.

"See that fellow over there?" the merchant countered, pointing to a rival men's shop across the street. "Well, *he* hasn't had a customer in *two* days."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A THEATRICAL AGENCY received a phone call one day.

"I have three children who can sing beautifully," said the caller.

"What's so unusual about that?" asked the agent.

"You don't understand," answered the caller. "I'm a talking dog."

—ROBERT SYLVESTER

NEXT TO HIS PIANO, famed pianist Ignace Paderewski loved to play poker.

When on tour in the United States, he always took along with him in his private railway car a group of friends who were rabid poker players. The game never stopped until the tour was over.

One night, when he was cutting a piece of cheese for a late snack, the knife slipped and cut a finger on his right hand.

At sight of the blood, there was a horrified gasp from his companions.

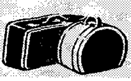
"This is terrible," moaned one. "Do you think you will be able to play?"

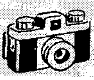
"Of course I'll be able to play," snapped Paderewski impatiently. "I can deal with my left hand!"

—E. E. EDGAR

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.





PUT YOUR HAIR UP FAST!—$1

Perfect curls every time with Automatic Pin Curler. Inserts bobby pins automatically. Put up hair in half the time. Makes flat or stand up curls. A quick twist of the cap, and curl is close to head. Fast and easy. Guaranteed or money back! Only $1 postage paid. Order Automatic Pin Curler from Sunset House, 1854 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, California.

FOR BIG MEN ONLY

We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only, satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 530 Brockton, Massachusetts.

FREE RUG BOOK—SAVE UP TO ½

Olson Magic

Amazing Olson Broadloom Offer! Rich, new, extra thick, heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs & Carpets. Your old rug, carpet, clothing can Save you up to ½. Money back Guar. Easy Terms. Our 84th yr. Over 3 million customers. Free Broadloom Bargain Book-Model rms. in color. Write for your copy. Olson Rug Co., Dept. A-70, Chicago 41, Ill.

NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE

An amazing new natural hairpiece—complete or partial—has been developed by Louis Feder! So lustrous, so real (it's human hair!) you can comb it, set it any way you like. Swim in it, sleep in it—absolutely secure. Individually styled to your needs. Write for illustrated booklet "C." House of Feder, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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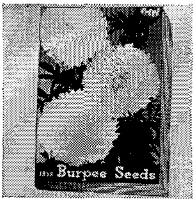
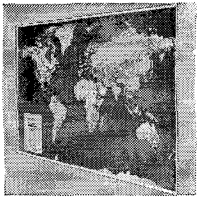


See in life size and color one of the greatest new flower achievements of all time, and 24 more new and better flowers and vegetables! Over 450 pictures, 75 are in color—all about the best seeds that grow. Write today to Burpee Company, 560 Burpee Building, Philadelphia 32, Pa. or Clinton, Iowa or Riverside, California.

GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Display Pub. Co., Dept. C-12, 505 5th Ave., N.Y. 17.



IF YOU'RE STOUT—FREE STYLE BOOK

Save money on the latest styles in dresses, coats, sizes 38 to 60, designed by our experts to fit your figure gracefully. Dresses $2.98 to $35.00. Coats as low as $12.98. Also suits, sportswear, shoes, hose, hats, underwear, corsets. All at low prices. Send name, address for 108-page Style Book, Free, postpaid. Lane Bryant, Department 79, Indianapolis 17, Ind.

FREE! VALUABLE U. S. STAMPS

Free—scarce genuine postage stamp, as illustrated, picturing first U.S.A. (issued in 1847) Plus 30 all-different U.S. 19th century, $1 stamp. Extra! Generous collection beautiful commemoratives, Big Catalog of all U.S. Postage issues, other offers. Send 10¢ for mailing. H. E. Harris & Co., 4111 Transit Building, Boston 17, Mass.

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 167

(Continued on next page)

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabrico, Dept. 392, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

BEFORE AFTER

PLAIN OLD FASHIONED HAND CREAM

You can pay more but you cannot buy better. No fancy advertising claims. Plain Jar. Softee is an old fashioned, moisture retaining hand cream. Leaves no sticky feeling. Send $2.00 for Giant Full Pint Jar postpaid. Federal tax paid. Ohio add 3%. Refund if you are not satisfied. Pyrrole Chemical Corp., 817 Spring Lane, Portsmouth, Ohio.

EASY WAY TO FILE CHECKS—$1

Check-Safe holds 800 cancelled checks, a 5-yr. record. Safe, clean—always in place for easy reference. Helps budget. Keep a check on personal spending habits. Green Ripplette covered box, gold stamped. 7¼" x 5" x 3¼". Tab index dividers incl. Guar. or money back! Only $1, postage paid. Order Check-Safe, Sunset House, 1844 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.

FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS

Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports $224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book. Trial Lesson. I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk FS, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.

"MOVABLE INSERT TABS"

Telephone-Address Book That's Never Obsolete For your Office, home, life *time! Illustrated: No. 1003* $5.25 ppd., special pages for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Xmas Card listings. No. T395: *Loose Leaf* Style, $6.50 ppd. Greater name capacity. Extra tabs $1.00-100 on perforated sheets. Send ck. or M.O. Widder Associates, Dept. C-3, 110 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

Silver

A MAY FETE at school should be a beautiful, joyous occasion for the children and their parents. But when your child is handicapped and cannot participate, it is apt to be just another occasion to dread. My little Eleanor was eight years old and in the third grade. Once again she was mopey and resentful because I had talked to her teacher, and she was being left out of the activities.

Eleanor looked and acted like any normal child, but she had a heart

HER VERY OWN "PHOTO DOLL" SET

Durable cardboard standup doll 9" tall, with child's own photo face in color. 10-piece wardrobe of cutout clothes, plus 8 color paint set. Send in full-face photo or snap-shot of girl (to be returned). State color hair & eyes. Complete—only $2.00 ppd. (2 wks. delivery). The Edwin House, Dept. CM, 145 West 4th Street, New York 12, N.Y. No C.O.D.'s.

NEW EYE GLAMOUR

Natural looking imported lashes of genuine human hair gives you gorgeous eyes *instantly. Adds glamour,* excitement to your appearance. Takes only 5 seconds to put on. Can be used over and over again. Compl. in attractive purse-size case. Wonderful for career girls or that special occasion. Black or brown. Honor House Products Corp., Dept. YE-24, Lynbrook, N. Y.

Linings

condition that prohibited her from strenuous exercise. She might have been able to start the Maypole dance without any ill effects but in the hot Texas weather, it was risky to follow through. Therefore, all through kindergarten, first and second grades, she had sat with woeful eyes as her classmates danced in their lovely costumes. But this year she came home all excited with a note from her teacher with direction for her own special dance, and one for her favorite doll. With mis-

1/4 ACRE IN FLORIDA: $495

Orange Blossom Estates (near Sebring, Southern Fla.) offers choice property for only $25 down—includes rights to private lake, clubhouse on property. Save on clothing, fuel bills; no tax on homes under $5,000 evaluation. Free colorful, illus. brochure. Orange Blossom Estates, Sebring, Fla. (Members, Sebring & Fla. State Chambers of Commerce.)

BE YOUR OWN PILOT!

Thrilling flights, motor whirring at 15,000 RPM—and you control this Sabre 44 ready-to-fly gas model! High impact plastic in vivid colors; fully assembled, with engine. Big 14" wingspan. Free $3 accessory kit, fuel, battery, etc., included for ordering promptly. $9.95 ppd., complete. S & S Sales, Box 3482, Chicago 54, Illinois.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

SECRET HEARING AID

New Dahlberg "Magic-Ear II" Hearing Aid worn completely at ear. ⅓ oz. with batteries. Fits snugly. Stays securely in place for any type of activity. Full 4-transistor power. Wide hearing range. No noise. Nothing worn on body. Matches hair color. Inconspicuous. Free Booklet. Write: The Dahlberg Co., Dept. B-41, Minneapolis 27, Minn.

INTERIOR DECORATION—HOME STUDY

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free 24-page illustrated booklet, "Adventures in Interior Design and Decoration." Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 1412, Chicago, Ill.

MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems are more dazzling than diamonds. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-28, P.O. 5145, Phila. 41.

HAMMERMILL BOND ENVELOPES

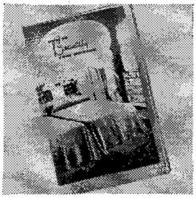
The perfect envelope for all mail not requiring a letterhead. Your name and address printed in the upper left-hand corner on the address side of 100 3⅞" x 7¼", heavy-weight, Hammermill Bond Envelopes—only $1.65 post paid, 500 — $5.50, 1,000 — $9.75. Money back guarantee. Williams Stationery Co., Dept. C, Camden, New York.

(*Continued on next page*)

DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE!

You "grow" almost 2 inches taller . . . instantly . . . when you step into "Elevators." These amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. "Elevators" add to your height, your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. C258, Brockton 68, Mass.

HOME DECORATING HINTS



"How to Beautify Your Bedroom" is alive with floor-to-ceiling ideas on decorating big, little and "problem" rooms. Illustrated. Shows uses of Seng Hollywood beds in singles, doubles, twin types. Adjustable in width, take long bedding, headboards of your choice. Send 10¢ in coin to The Seng Co., *1470 N. Dayton St., Chicago* 22, Illinois.

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE, $1.98

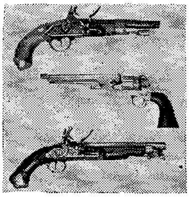
Stretch your way to a trimmer You with new, sturdy rubber Stretch-a-Way. Make any room your private gym. Compl. with chart showing safe method of toning muscles. Improve tummy, thighs, hip & bust measurements. Keep fit, trim. Stores in any drawer. Guar. or money back! $1.98, pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 1852 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.

NUTRIA . . . NEWEST OPPORTUNITY

New fur-bearing animal now being bred in U.S. Offers huge profits to breeders. 15 to 20 young per yr. 1½¢ per day to feed. Any Climate, disease resistant. The Cabana Mar-*rone strain is obtainable* Only through Cabana Nutria, Inc., & its authorized dealers & distributors. For free bklet write: Cabana Nutria, Inc., Dept. 22, 636-C. W. Lemon Ave., Arcadia, Cal.

GENUINE ANTIQUE WEAPONS—EXCITING!

Choose your weapons — from Robert Abels' vast collection. Many guns figured in real life adventures. Popular-priced collectors' items to rare museum pieces. 140-page Catalog: illustrations, backgrounds pistols, guns, swords, armor. 50¢ postage & handling. Robert Abels, Inc., Box C, 860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, New York.



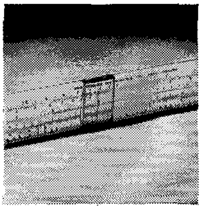
Silver Linings continued

giving, I cooperated, and waited nervously for the time to approach.

My fears were groundless. The children were dancing in groups of four, but that wonderful woman had arranged it so that Eleanor was always in the center of a group, happily holding her doll. It was so contrived that she was the Queen and the others her loyal subjects. But in this mother's heart, there's a plain little teacher who will always be Queen of the May. —MRS. M. E. PETTY

WHILE SITTING in the waiting room of the maternity ward at our local hospital, I listened as a proud and excited grandmother-to-be went on at great length about her daughter's trying time with her first-born. The young man at whom she

SLIDE RULE—PLUS BOOK—98¢



Anyone who understands simple 7th grade arith. can use this standard 10" slide rule. For business men, students, tech. workers, mechanics, home workshop enthusiasts & housewives! Easy to do add., subtraction, proportions, discounts, commissions, etc. Slide rule & instruction book, only 98¢ pp. Nelson-Hall Co., 210 S. Clinton, Dept. BS-58, Chicago 6.

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

Draw any person, still life, *map, photo, landscape* without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 189, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

directed her remarks kept silent until at last the lady paused to ask him if he and his wife were expecting their first child.

"No," he replied. "This will be our fourth."

"Oh, well then," she said condescendingly, "this is just an old story with you."

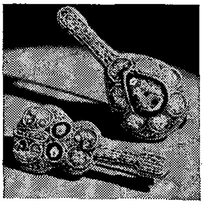
"Yes, it's an old story," admitted the young man quietly. "But it's still a pretty wonderful one."

—MRS. ANNE ROMANO

IT WAS THE DAY before Thanksgiving and the supermarket that evening was crowded. I, like almost everyone else, pushed an overflowing cart to the check-out counter.

The elderly couple ahead of me drew my attention. The man had on very old, faded overalls and a neatly patched denim jacket. The old lady's coat was trimmed in black imitation fur of a by-gone style. In

COLORFUL ITALIAN MOSAIC PINS

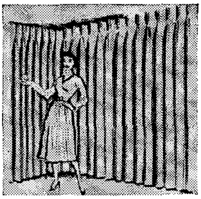


From Italy come these gay mosaic costume pins, shaped like a guitar and mandolin. Just 1½" long, each is made from hundreds of tiny pieces of spun enamel. Intricate, multi-colored floral patterns are hand-wrought. With gold-plated settings and safety catches, $2.20 ppd. each. Both, $4 ppd. Money back guarantee. Alpine Imports, 505-A Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.

NO MORE BURNED FOOD, 79¢

Make any pot a double boiler with amazing metal Cooker Plate! Place on stove's burner. No more scorched or burned foods! Pots & pans stay clean inside, out! Terrific for sauces, baby foods! Warm coffee or rolls—can't boil over or burn! Guar. or money back! 79¢, 2 for $1.50, pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 1845 Sunset Bldg. Los Angeles 16, Calif.

NEW! SUPERWIDE FIBERGLAS DRAPES



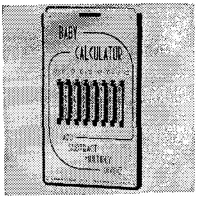
Now in 127 custom sizes and colors that fit any window, wall or corner! Never need ironing or dry-cleaning. 14 decorator colors in prints and solids. Save ⅓! Send for Free Color Swatch Kit. Ronnie, world's largest distributor of Fiberglas Curtains and Drapes. 245SS-4 Ronnie Bldg., 145 Broad Avenue, Fairview, New Jersey.

BE $600 RICHER—BORROW BY MAIL

Have money in your pocket again and cut your present monthly bill payments by ½. Get a quick private loan by mail—$100 to $600. Repay in small installments over 20 months. Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope. State amount needed. State Finance Company, 323 Securities Building, Dept. B-289, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. F-85, Huntington Valley, Pa.



*RIPPLE® SOLES "WALK" FOR YOU

Flexible sole depresses underfoot, releasing energy as foot lifts. Ripple® Sole: absorbs walking shock, balances weight, lengthens stride and provides traction. $15.95 ppd. Sizes 6-12, A-E. Mich. 3% tax. Write for folder (men's, women's and children's): Hack Shoe Stores, Mutual Building, Detroit, Michigan. *TM-Ripple Sole Corp.

IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records, cards. Easy to use. University tests, parents' reports show children gain up to a full year's grade in 6 weeks. Write for free illus. folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. 16-R, Wilmette, Ill.

The Sound Way to Easy Reading

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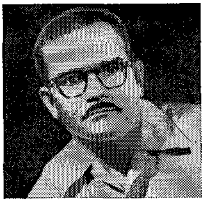

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short paragraphs. You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Many make money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. No tedious study. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. 199-O, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26, Ill.

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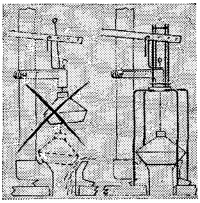
Lovely imported Belgium Hybrid Gloxinias. Large size bulbs. Beautiful, easy-to-grow house plants. Bloom indoors in 6 to 8 weeks with 3" to 4" flowers that last for months. May also be planted outside. Exquisite mixed colors. Supply limited. Send only 50¢ for 2. $1.00 for 5. Sent Postpaid. Order Today. R. H. Shumway Seedsman, Dept. 475, Rockford, Illinois.



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Now! Simple attachment ends annoying tank noise and water waste. New, non-rusting tank ball guide assures absolute sealing of water outlet. Ball cannot "hang-up" or drop off-center as shown. Full instructions to slip on any standard tank assembly in minutes. Pat. applied for. Only $1.50, postpaid. Davies Product Engineering Co. Box 216, Fraser, Mich.

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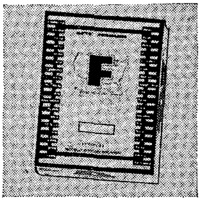
and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-NS, Lynn, Massachusetts.



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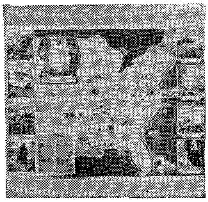
Silver Linings continued

their cart were just four items that obviously completed their holiday dinner. There was a very small chicken, a bottle of olives, a can of cranberry sauce and a can of pumpkin.

When the sale was rung, the old man paid for his few items with three dollar-bills which he took from a small leather coin purse. The cashier then handed him a few cents change. As I watched, he picked up his little bag of gro-



CIVIL WAR PICTURE MAP $1

Picture map of the Civil War shows nearly 100 places, events and campaigns. Colorful map has 8 side panels with paintings depicting famous events such as Fort Sumter, Gettysburg, Bull Run, etc. Battles are numbered on map and guide lists date and complete information on each. Wall-size 23"x32". $1 ppd. Chabon Co., 411 Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. 17.

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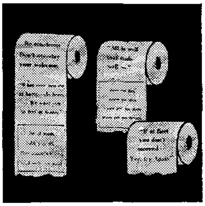
Smart new idea in coasters . . . non-slip knitted sweaters fit snugly onto any size glasses, makes them easy to grip. In 8 brilliant colors, with dazzling white center bands. 8 to gift box $1.00 Ppd. Special Introductory Offer! Free gift check worth $1 . . . your coasters are then like a Free Gift! Matina, Dept. C-2, 175 Fifth Ave., New York 10, New York.



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ceries and looked at his wife who smiled and nodded. Then the old man dropped all the change he had received into the can marked "Muscular Dystrophy Fund" on the grocery counter.

—MRS. DUANE HUBBLE

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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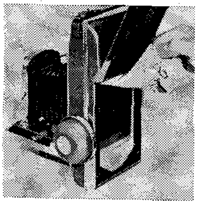

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GUIDE TO
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FROM COAST
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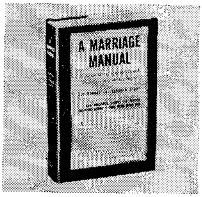

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Increase your height instantly with new Get-Ups shoe inserts. Be taller the moment you use 'em. Scientifically designed, gives added support & comfort. No one knows you wear them, everybody notices the diff. in your appearance. Fits all shoe sizes. Guar. or money back! $1 a pr. pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 1853 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Calif.

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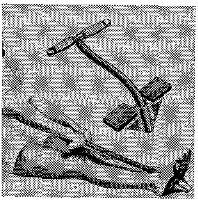
S-T-R-E-T-C-H TO BEAUTY



with ingenious "rowing machine" exerciser! Quick, safe, easy way to control weight, tone muscles, attain glowing health, figure beauty at home. Quality made. Easy-grip handles, form-fit heel rests, steel spring. Gives benefits of rowing machines that cost far more. Exercise chart incl. Only $5.98 ppd. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-B Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

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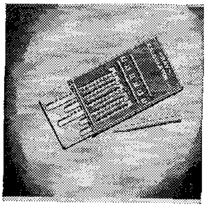
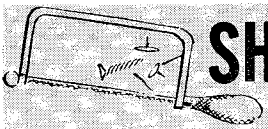
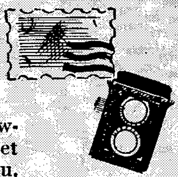




SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

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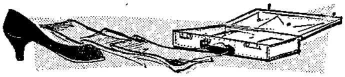
FREE Trial $3.50 Jar amazing new Everly Hormone Cream for ladies over 30. Helps restore youth to aging skin. Try yourself, tell friends, neighbors, make extra money. Collect fine profits on every jar they order. Rush name, address for full-size jar for Free Trial. Blair, Dept. 509BC, Lynchburg, Va.



RELIEF from varicose veins. Sheer nylon elastic hosiery now sensationally low-priced. Open toe above or below knee only $2.99 ea., $4.98 pr. First quality. Small, Med., Large, X-Large. Send calf measurements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check, MO or COD. Paul Morris Co., Dept. C, 210 5th Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

MAKE Money Spare Time, Sewing Babywear—Play-Time Dresses; lacing Leather Moccasins; New Baby Sandals. Make $50-$100 and more, fast, easy! No house selling! Rush stamped, addressed envelope. Cutie Cuties, Warsaw 151, Indiana.

MAKE Money Addressing! Full or part-time, days or evenings—longhand or typewriting. Literature Free. Expect something entirely different! Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed! Lovis C. Cove, Box 2580-R, Greensboro, No. Carolina.

SINGING Stone A beautiful gem recommended by Edgar Cayce, the Miracle Man of Virginia Beach, as an aid in developing your intuition. Ladies pendant $3.00. Write for free Mystic Gem catalog. The Gem Exchange, Bayfield, Colorado.

MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full time. We instruct. No selling. Free details: Jud-San, Box 2107, Dept. B-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

WIDE Shoes for Women. Save money on smart, new styles selected right in your own home. Choose from all heel heights, sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Only $4.95 to $10.95, comfort and fit guaranteed. Write for free catalog now. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

MAKE money at home assembling our items. No tools. Experience unnecessary. Lee Manufacturing, Dept. 1, 8507-W 3rd, Los Angeles 48, California.

HEAVY Legs! Try new home method to reduce ankles, calves, knees, thighs, hips. Leg authority offers tested, proven scientific course, only 15 minutes a day. Write for free book in plain wrapper. Modern Methods, Dept. FL262, 296 Broadway, N.Y.C. 7.

FOR THE HOME

FREE—New 44 page Broadloom Bargain Book with Model Rooms, in full color. Tells how you can Save about Half on beautiful, extra thick, extra heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs and Carpets—by sending your old rugs, clothing to Olson factory. No risk. Easy terms. For Free Book, write: Olson Rug Co., Dept. A-69, Chicago 41, Illinois.

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FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds—50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam, 390K Nye Avenue, Irvington, N.J.

FOR THE FAMILY

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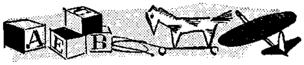
GAME Warden, Government hunter, Forestry, Park & Wildlife Services announce job openings. All states. Enjoy outdoor work, good pay, real security. Compl. information Free! Write Forestry & Wildlife Course, Dept. BC-902, 1038 S. LaBrea, Los Angeles



FOR THE CHILDREN

DANCING Shoes-Costumes, Tap, Ballet, Toe and Acrobatic. Leotards, Tu Tus, Opera Hose, Tights, Fabrics. Skating Skirts, Baton Twirling Supplies, Boots, Plumes, Flame Batons, Uniform Supplies. Catalog 25¢. Quincon, Box 422T, Quincy, Mass.

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"HOW To Train Horses"—A book everyone who likes horses should have. Free. No obligation. Simply address Beery School of Horsemanship, Dept. 1452, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

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CATAMARANS are for those who want to be different. Plans for both sail and power with full-size templates. Send 25¢ for interesting and instructive literature. Also other boat plans. Widd Hauber, 2451 18th Ave. No., St. Petersburg 13, Fla.

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SPECIAL Stamp Offer! To acquaint you with our better U.S. approvals, you get 2 different $5.00 U.S. stamps plus 20 others; Hi-Values, Air Mails, Commemoratives, etc. Send 10c for Lot No. 20. Irwin, Box 11-45, Brooklyn 30, New York.

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STAMP Finder which makes it easy to identify most any stamp, huge World Map of stamp issuing countries, encyclopedia of stamp collecting information all only 5¢ with outstanding approvals. Goliath Company, Bethlehem K36, New Hampshire.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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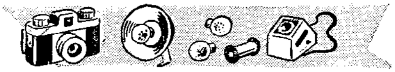

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I'LL send you free stocking sample newest advancement in hosiery since discovery of nylon. Patented Full-length; stays up without supporters amazingly comfortable. Nationally advertised price $1.95. Make money fast introducing to friends at $1.00 pair. American Mills, Dept. 634, Indianapolis, Indiana.

BOOKLOVERS, Writers, Teachers—Earn money from stimulating work at home. To apply for appointment as Book Reporter send 500 words about yourself and 25¢ application fee to Books-at-Home Program, Dept. C-2, Glendale, Ohio.

START Big-Pay Business At Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room CM22B, Chicago 26, Ill.

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EXTRA cash for employed men! Make up to $3.25 hourly Saturday, evenings. Immediate comm., bonus. Demonstrate new Air Cushion and "Foot-Shaped" Shoes for men, women. Samples supplied at no cost. Charles Chester Shoes, 284 Brockton, Mass.

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EARN $240.00 a month at home, spare time, doing only Two $5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big money paid for service that makes cuts, tears disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabrico, 6222 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

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RUN Spare-time Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our wonderful new 1958 All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn up to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Cost nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 1, Ferndale, Michigan.

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(Continued on next page)

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities.

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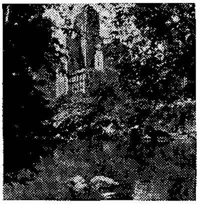

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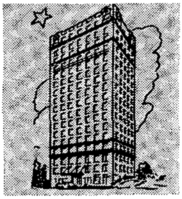

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They called it justice

by Will Bernard

Sometimes the punishment actually does fit the crime.

By ancient custom in Berkshire, England, when a widow lost title to her land by neglect, she had to do penance by riding into court backwards on a black ram and reciting:

"Here I am
Riding a ram
For my crinkum-crankum
I lost my binkum-bankum
I pray my land again."

In a western town, a girl had a masher arrested for calling her a chicken. The judge ascertained the girl's weight, figured out what she would cost if she really were a chicken, and fixed that sum as the man's fine.

Hungarian courts used to punish a bigamist by making him live in the same house with both wives.

A New Jersey man was haled into court for beating his wife. The judge stepped down from the bench and promptly floored the defendant with a looping right hook to the jaw.

A Brooklyn housewife, arrested for being a garrulous nuisance, was ordered to observe two-and-a-half hours of strict silence.

Taking due note of a thief's plea that he had acted under hypnosis, a western judge told him to get hypnotized again—so he wouldn't mind spending ten years in jail.

A Brooklyn man who annoyed his wife was ordered to travel 1,200 miles in any direction, sending postcards back to the judge every 200 miles to demonstrate his obedience.

A cabbage stealer in early New England had to stand in the pillory with a cabbage on his head.

A Pittsburgh judge herded 77 sheepish traffic-violators into church, where he preached a funeral sermon over the body of a hit-and-run victim.

In ancient Greece, a man who got a divorce was forbidden to remarry any woman younger than his first wife.

A St. Louis man, accused of selling whiskey to the Indians, claimed he didn't know the law because he couldn't read. The judge sentenced him to jail until he could pass a reading test. The judge also sent a thief to the same cell to serve as the teacher. (The pair buckled down to work and graduated in three weeks.)

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